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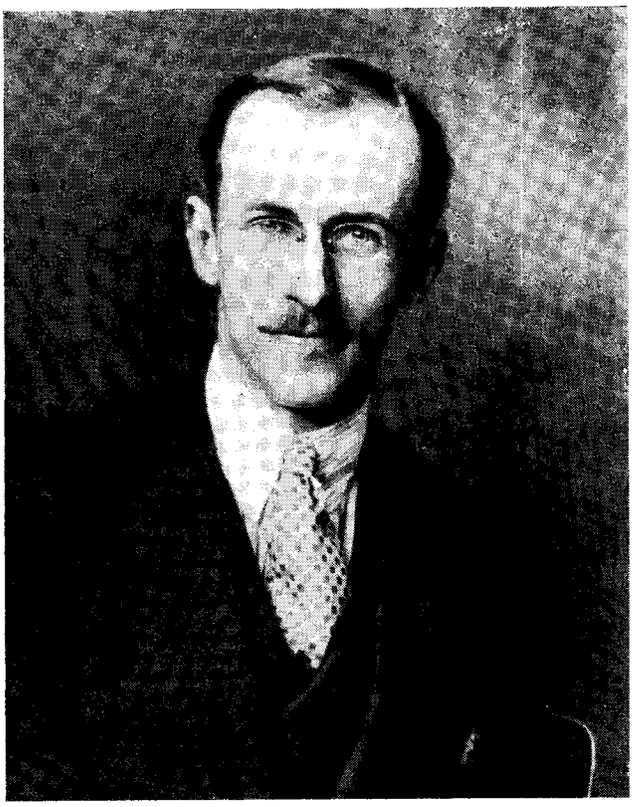
Lawrence of Arabia

BY LIDDELL HART

ON an August evening in 1933 I tried in vain to keep up with T. E. Shaw (sometime Lawrence) in a run to Otterbourne along the Hampshire roads. My car was fast, but his 57 h.p. motorcycle could approach the 100 m.p.h. mark and was far quicker off the mark. The way he shot through traffic led me to chide him about the risks he ran, to which he retorted with a humorous defense of its essential safety, helped by an immense power of acceleration. The argument ran on till, changing suddenly to a pensive note, he said that he knew it would "end in tragedy one day."

Almost exactly a year ago we came back to Otterbourne; this time he was in my car. On the way our talk reverted to the question of safe driving; bantering me, he remarked that only on a motorcycle was the man in charge compelled to take a fair proportion of the risk. In a big car one could hit anything, save another car, with impunity, whereas on a motorcycle one was almost certain to be killed—which was a right penalty for carelessness. He said that he would like to see all cars fitted with a backward projection from the bumper, ending in a spearhead just in front of the driver's chest, so that if he hit anything, the point would pierce him. If expressed extravagantly, the idea corresponded with what I knew of his personal attitude—he would try to avoid running over even a hen, although to swerve was a serious risk on such a heavy machine as he rode.

Since the first of those two conversations, with its communicated vision of an end foreseen, I had remained in anticipation of the news that at last came to me over the telephone on the afternoon of May 13th. My feeling was the stronger because of the conviction that, in the moment when an accident appeared inevitable, he would throw away his own life to save the other party. That cloud of apprehension lifted temporarily when he last came to see me after leaving the Air Force, and told me that he thought of giving up his high-speed motorcycle and reverting to a "push-bike"—he had actually come up to London upon one. The resolve was dictated by a doubt whether, without his daily 3*s.* 7*d.* of aircraftsman's pay, he could henceforth afford to run a motorcycle. But it accorded with his expressed intention of settling down in his Dorset cottage, roofed and remade with his own hands, as a taste of the untried sensation of boredom—"Think of it: a really new experience, for hitherto I've never been bored"—and a test of his power to free himself from the need of activity.



LIDDELL HART

Once or twice in the last year he has spoken to me of a possible re-emergence, and even hinted that his neap-tide might still lie ahead. More often he has talked of "a rest that should go on and on till I wanted no more of it—or wanted nothing else."

> The last thing desirable is activity for the sake of activity. I hope I have enough mind for it to be quietly happy by itself. So I shall not do anything until it becomes necessary: or at least that is my hope. Not a plan in my head, not an ambition, not a want: but a doubt that my saved capital may not be enough to keep me in peace.
>
> Enough or not enough, I'm going to have that rest anyway.

His dominant note has been one of tiredness, physical and mental. In a letter on New Year's Eve, after urging me to pursue certain paths of study we had travelled together, he ended: "For myself I am going to taste the flavour of true leisure. For 46 years have I worked and been worked. Remaineth 23 years (of expectancy). May they be like Flecker's 'great Sunday that goes on and on.' If I like this leisure when it comes, do me the favour of hoping that I may be able to afford the prolongation for ever and ever." And on Sunday, after six days of unconsciousness, he was gone.

It was, I imagine, a way in which he would have chosen to go. For on his motorcycle he had found his best outlet from harassing thought and sense of futility: to him the sensation of speed was one that never palled, seeming to free the spirit from the bondage of human limitations.

In the sphere of achievement he had gone astonishingly far in a time more astonishingly brief. From the hour when opportunity, in the guise of the Arab Revolt, came to him in 1916, his purpose was twofold—to relieve Britain's clouded fortunes in the East by creating a new Arab lever in aid of her strategy; to free the Arabs from the Turkish yoke and to give them a fair chance of fulfilling their own aspirations. That dual purpose he brilliantly fulfilled. The ever-extending operations of the Arabs, guided by Lawrence, went far to free the British movements from past stagnation and to paralyze the Turkish. They were a vital factor in the overthrow of the Turkish armies and the British conquest of Palestine. And the tide of the

(*Continued on next page*)

Next Week

THE HUMANE TRADITION
By IRWIN EDMAN

DEEP DARK RIVER
By ROBERT RYLEE
Reviewed by George Stevens

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T. E. LAWRENCE
Drawing by Augustus John

Arab revolt, carried a thousand miles from Mecca to Damascus, ended in the establishment of an Arab state in Syria.

It was overthrown by the French after the war, a breach of faith which Lawrence was powerless to avert, though it weighed on his mind. But in 1921, emerging from his Oxford retreat, he inspired and guided policy to such effect that Feisal, robbed of one kingdom, was given another in Iraq by the British, while his brother, Abdulla, was also placed at the head of a new Arab state in Trans-Jordan. After the lapse of centuries, the Arabs had again become a factor with which the world, and its politics, must reckon. In the historical sense it is, above all, because of this fresh impact of the Arab upon the European peoples that the man who was the propelling agent is rightly styled "Lawrence of Arabia."

His influence over the Arabs owed much to his ability to get inside the Arab's skin. He was helped because, through unconventional boyhood and early manhood, he had been permeated with the nomad's desire for untrammelled freedom and had no more desire than the Arabs for the material possessions that offer comfort at the price of circumscription. He gained his knowledge of Arab life by sympathetic projection even more than by immersion. And by this faculty he perceived that among them "there were no distinctions traditional or natural, except the unconscious power given a famous sheikh by virtue of his accomplishment; and they taught me that no man could be their leader except he ate the rank's food, wore their clothes, lived level with them, and yet appeared better in himself." That knowledge, applied, became the secret of his success in handling Arabs.

Perhaps his greatest personal triumph was not in inspiring the Arabs but in impressing his powers as a military leader upon the British regular officers with whom he came in close contact. Nothing is more astonishing than the way these, his seniors, were ready to follow his lead. In part, that influence may be explained by applying to him the words with which Voltaire depicted Marlborough: "He had to a degree above all other generals of his time that calm courage in the midst of tumult, that serenity of soul in danger, which the English call a cool head . . . the greatest gift of nature for command." But there was something more.

The radiance of Lawrence's personality has obscured, even from some who subconsciously responded to it, the deeper power that his knowledge gave him. In this lies the message that his war achievement carries. He was more deeply steeped in knowledge of war than any general. Many certainly knew more about the workings of the military machine than Lawrence, but in all else that counted he had the advantage. His youth helped him. They had spent so many years in rising to command that, naturally, they could not hope to have his intimate experience in using the weapons on which tactics are based. The machine-gun, the light automatic, were new weapons since their youth; he mastered these and in addition had personal experience in the use of motors, of flying, of explosives. This first-hand knowledge of the tools of commerce was invaluable.

Greater still was the asset of a course of study in strategy and the higher theory of war that went further and deeper than any professional soldier, absorbed in routine duties, could hope to pursue even if he had the inclination and intellectual capacity. I have never known a general who had read as widely. While still an undergraduate, Lawrence had traced for himself the sources of the Napoleonic system of warfare at a time when they were unknown to most military students.

Yet this exploration of military history was merely an offshoot of Lawrence's self-imposed course of reading, which covered most fields of human knowledge. As a youth he thought nothing of reading half through the night, lying on a rug or mattress, a habit that had the convenience of allowing him to go to sleep where he lay. By habit, too, he developed the faculty of "sensing" a subject, as a bee draws in the nectar as it flits from flower to flower. It was always the unexpected, the undiscovered, or the inaccessible sources that he sought—"Originals and sidelights, not compilations." Thus it did not take him long to cover the realm of military literature.

This historical knowledge, enriched by a general knowledge of many subjects that indirectly concerned war, formed an intellectual equipment such, perhaps, as no other commander of his time possessed. When checked by personal experience it gave him a theoretical mastery of war that was also unique—and his personality transmuted this into a practical mastery.

On the "road to Damascus" he fulfilled a new theory of war which he had thought out. The arrival there, in October 1918, not only sealed the triumph of the Arab Revolt but vindicated the course of his military thought. This had produced an inversion of orthodox strategy; one that was born of his early studies, especially of Saxe, but developed by reflection upon the conditions of the Arab campaign. It was designed to turn the weakness of the Arabs into an asset and the very strength of the Turks into a debit—by forcing them to spread as widely as possible in order to check a flame of revolt which was extended to wherever they were not, while the Arabs, striking at the materials of which the Turks were short, avoided engagement with the men of whom the Turks had plenty—until they were forced to extend too widely. By this strategy the Arabs inflicted the maximum damage with the minimum loss, and so with the maximum encouragement, to themselves. With cheap success their confidence grew and the rebel numbers swelled; with vain chase the Turks grew exhausted and depressed. For the orthodox principle of concentration, Lawrence substituted dispersion; for battle, he substituted a creeping paralysis produced by an intangible ubiquity. And in this kind of warfare he gave to the old principles of mobility and surprise a new application as well as a heightened power.

It also cast a beam of light on the future. For on reflection one can see that its suc-

(*Continued on page* 15)

Salmon-Fishing

By LEONARD BACON

MY hand will have lost its cunning
And be ash or dust,
But the salmon will be running
And the moose will thrust
Through the young birches for the old reason
In rutting season.

And on the river there will be a stranger,
Down the brown eddy,
Flicking the "Jock Scott" or the "Durham Ranger,"
Who will feel the heady,
Unreasonable passion, lightning-like,
At the strike.

And my frail will imperious,
Long overpast,
Will not concern him where, alert and serious,
He leans to cast
"George Allen's Fancy" or "Cains River Streamer"—
Bright undefeated dreamer!

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Mr. Wells Still Has Hopes

THE NEW AMERICA—THE NEW WORLD. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1935. $1.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

THE H. G. Wells who came this last spring out of the headwinds of the Atlantic into the equally gusty voices of a disputant America has written what he found with both something of the almost too clear perspective of the man from Mars and something of the almost too certain vision of the apocalyptic prophet crying in the troubled Israel of our times, "Plan ye! Plan ye! Else doom hangs about your ears." There is no conflict in this. It is the essence of Mr. Wells's exciting journalism that he is able to reduce complex life to simplicity and to lift it to drama at the same time.

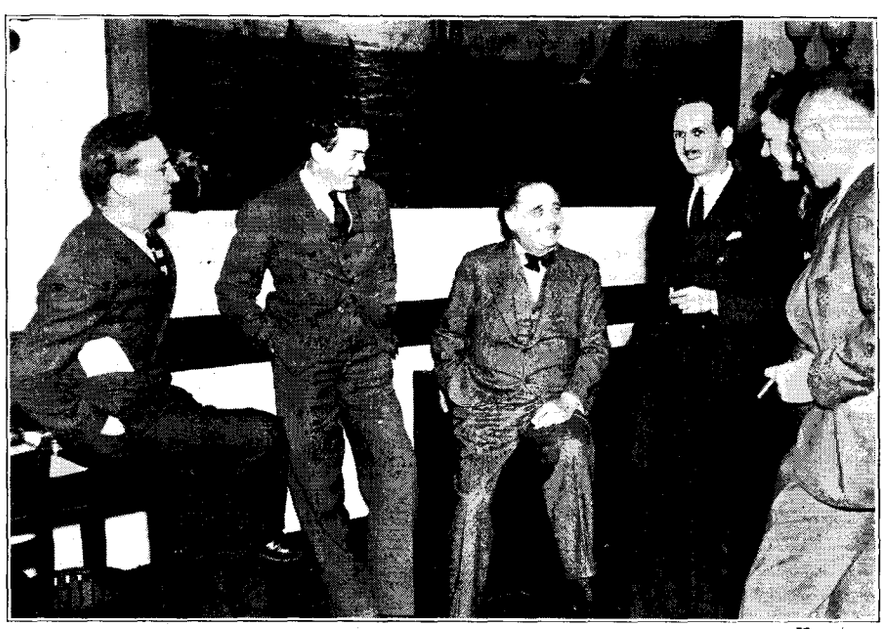
In this brief, stirring passage, in second visit and second thought, on the New Deal Mr. Wells has succeeded both as the simplifier and the inciter. But some who are not able to see so swiftly and so clearly through complexity may not be wholly satisfied with Mr. Wells's reduction of the American scene to the neat formula: a President withdrawn from leadership into listening, plus Raucous Voices, minus Inexplicit Man, equals an American future which will be marked neither by communism nor fascism of the European type but "an intellectually cruder and more instinctive sort of revolutionism." Such a making of mathematics out of men makes satisfactory reading but man in America and elsewhere has had a way of wriggling out of formulæ.

But certainly Mr. Wells is no Fleet Street journalist to cross an ocean and look at a New Deal as a New Deal, at the administration of a man named Roosevelt merely to evaluate the man and his government in contemporary terms. He writes more exciting stuff. From a world which he finds clogged with decadence and reaction, he draws the English-speaking nations, and especially America, apart as a chosen people in a new imperative Exodus of the religion of science and economics. To save the world, he insists, they must hasten to conceive a new order out of a new death in a new Egypt. So he evaluates the New Deal and the noise about it in relation to man's arrival at a point in history at which man, in a world of diminished distances and vastly increased potentialities for abundance, must deliberately plan the beginnings of a super-civilization "which is man's only alternative to a long, distressful, violent, and diseased decadence."

The teeming ideas of Mr. Wells and his prophetic confidence about the state of his earth give to his book a fine, exciting readability. But while Americans live with Mr. Wells in history, it is probable that Americans will be more interested in his book because it deals with the politics of this day in their lives than because it treats of this day in Mr. Wells's world vision of man and history. For most of them the importance of this book will be the revisions in Mr. Wells's judgment of the New Deal of Roosevelt which he praised after his visit of a year ago—(April 1934). There is revision. There is disappointment, a disappointment not only in the New Deal but in those who are arrayed against it. There is an undeniable recession in Mr. Wells's faith of a year ago that there would be produced "a clarified American Idea, a guiding quintessence of strong, clear thought which could be imparted by press and radio to a ready, sympathetic, intelligent, and willing people." This year he found instead America thinking aloud in the person of the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin. He found America listening to the loud, crude voice of Huey Long, "a Winston Churchill who has never been at Harrow," a man with the "ideas and outlook on the world of a rather backward Southern Baptist" but who "is likely to remain an important voice in the current readjustment in America." And opposed to these Raucous Voices he discovered the Inexplicit Men, who were dominating the American system in the days of hope and glory six years ago, now curiously ineffective and inept. So much so that Mr. Wells believes that unless such men can think together and think in broader and more generous leadership, reconstruction in America will come from "the level of Huey Long who thinks loudly and audibly, even if he thinks wrong."

Mr. Wells has written a journal of disappointment which, if it disturbs Democrats, will provide little encouragement to those Inexplicit Men, the Republicans and conservatives. Indeed, if there is anybody who can take courage from it (save Mr. Wells, who points to chaos but clings to an indestructible hopefulness), it is Huey Long, whom our recent visitor damns while he concedes power to him. But the book will hold its readers even if it does not please those who are actors in it, even if it oversimplifies the scene and the problem. For it is drama rather than commentary that Mr. Wells has written.

The truth seems to be that Mr. Wells is not so alone as he indicates in the understanding of the necessity of change in an altered world. If he runs ahead shouting his imperatives, it does not mean that others are not thinking about the future. The President may be thinking as well as listening. Perhaps even the Inexplicit Men, if slow, if inarticulate, are beginning in their own way to be thoughtful. While the bold planner, the brave transformer, such as Mr. Wells would have Mr. Roosevelt be, would certainly tower as hero or fool above the history of the world he undertook ruthlessly to alter, it may be that a little timidity in change, a trifle of hesitancy in history, a modicum of uncertainty in a difficult world, may carry us forward with less of the pain that all change means than the bold and dramatic alteration in our social and economic orders to which Mr. Wells calls the leaders of the world. And there is finally the danger that even an intelligent man like Mr. Wells may in his haste fall into the uncomfortable company of the Raucous Men who have nothing if not quick remedies for our times and our troubles. The haste of a prophet from England, like the ambition of a politician from Louisiana, might possibly change man's systems without improving them.



Keystone

MR. WELLS MEETS THE PRESS
Photographed on his recent visit to Washington.

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Small-Fry Politicians

BOSS RULE: PORTRAITS IN CITY POLITICS. By J. T. Salter. New York: Whittlesey House. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT C. BROOKS

AMERICAN political literature is full of pictures of the big boss. Tweed, Croker, Platt, and Murphy of New York; Quay and Penrose of Pennsylvania; George B. Cox and "Rud" Hynicka of Cincinnati; "Abe" Ruef and "Gene" Schmitz of San Francisco; "Fingy" Connors of Buffalo, and others of their ilk are in no danger of being forgotten. As a rule the pages in which the deeds and misdeeds of these men are celebrated run largely to denunciation or heroization. In either case the figure of the boss stands out dramatically as of one making vital decisions, wielding immense power, directing great masses of men, finally as achieving victory or going down to defeat with all flags flying. Conceived as sketches for *Theaterstücke* the current method of treatment doubtless has certain merits; from the point of view of political science, however, it is lamentably deficient. Readers of this facile sort of literature who possess any degree of acumen must continually ask themselves: "Granted that the boss under consideration actually had the power ascribed to him, upon what was it based?"

The outstanding merit of Professor Salter's "Boss Rule" is that it supplies a detailed and complete answer to the foregoing question. While the political organization he describes is that of the Republican party in Philadelphia, William S. Vare, who dominated it for eleven years, plays a very small part in his pages. Indeed the last boss of the City of Brotherly Love is referred to only casually as a sort of distant *deus ex machina*, until in the final chapters when he appears, physically broken and twisted with paralysis, to face the revolt of November 7, 1933.

On the other hand Professor Salter devotes himself intensively to the "little fellow in politics," namely the division leader whose unremitting "service," twenty-four hours a day, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, produced the votes upon which, in the last analysis, the whole bulk and might of the Vare machine rested. To be sure this particular form of service—securing jobs, handing out food and coal, appearing in magistrates' courts to plead for sinners, and the like—has been dealt with episodically by other writers, most effectively perhaps in W. L. Riordon's "Plunkitt of Tammany Hall." Professor Salter's political slumming expedition, however, is much more thoroughgoing; he uncovers every form of vote-getting activity known in Philadelphia's 1,283 divisions, including several varieties not hitherto catalogued by political scientists. Also he presents full-length portraits of nine active division leaders, of course using pseudonyms which, however, scarcely serve to conceal their identity from any one familiar with the recent history of the city. It would be more accurate to say that the author permits his principal characters to paint their own portraits in their own words: "those that are invariably profane in life are profane in my book; if the stuff of their language is rough, strong, and pungent in City Hall, so it is here; and those that speak with a degree of cultivation do so in these pages." Professor Salter scarcely needs to tell us that more than ninety percent of his materials have been taken from the lips of the people rather than from printed documents. That fact stands out in the salty phrases, the curious turns of speech, the priceless and sometimes rather off-color anecdotes, the always frank but frequently involved apologias which the author has garnered from his variegated types.

J. T. SALTER

It would be invidious to single out particular portraits from this realistic picture gallery of Philadelphia's small-fry politicians. Still one may take particular delight in George Kendall, gentleman—"it is difficult for a gentleman to survive unless he is a hell of a fighter"; in Rosie Popovitz—"the best man on the ward committee"; in David Nelson, "an Emperor Jones in ward politics," and in Tony Nicollo, "the people's friend." But could Tony really have said: "I must be careful that my children avoid friction by not hitting other children"? To the writer Sam Ternberg, ward heeler, appears to be the gem of the collection. "He is big as an elephant, and quite dumb. He can neither read nor write, but he is about the best committeeman in the ward."

One portrait, not indexed, is also presented unintentionally in "Boss Rule"—that of the author himself. It is quite obvious that the common or garden variety of politicians in Philadelphia, even the stupidest and most suspicious among them, liked Professor Salter instinctively, trusted him implicitly, and poured out their most intimate confidences before him with utter frankness. Suffice it to say with regard to the qualifications of the author as a political sleuth that his penetration, understanding, humor, and sympathy stand out on every page of "Boss Rule."

There is more than enough of the human comedy—and of tragedy, too, for that matter—in Professor Salter's book to gain for it a wide circle of readers who care little for politics in general or for the ups and downs of the Vare machine in particular. Its strongest appeal, however, will be to political scientists. They will find in it not only a complete discussion of the role of service as the prime source of the power of the machine, but also a clearly defined comparison between this factor and such others as jobs, love of the game, the loyalty of "order men," race and religion, fraud, bribery, and violence. Combined, the result in certain Philadelphia divisions is an atmosphere "which resembles Mussolini's Italy rather than democratic America." A general theory of machine rule is also presented, namely that it is a natural growth, flourishing most luxuriantly in the soil of slum wards but languishing in the better residential sections of the city. Professor Salter sees clearly, however, that the political indifference of the latter contributes materially to the development of bossism. Something in the nature of a major political antinomy results, namely that while economic security and higher educational standards are essential to independent voting, they may also conduce, particularly in good times, to dull acquiescence. Methods of meeting this condition, which is compared to "a cancer in the body politic," are dealt with cogently in the chapter entitled "A Conclusion and a Forecast." Finally the detailed description of the collapse of the old Philadelphia political order when it collided with the depression, the pleasing personality of President Roosevelt, and the distribution of federal relief on a large scale, gives to Professor Salter's intensive study of local politics an interest national in scope.

Robert C. Brooks, professor of political science at Swarthmore College, is the author of the recently published "Deliver Us from Dictators."

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Dreamland of a Mind

ONLY THE FEAR. By Lenore G. Marshall. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS is a novel of neurosis. It carries conviction as if by magic; but it has also the static quality of enchantment. The author establishes, at once and without effort, the dreamland atmosphere of a half-normal mind, where symbols melt into each other with a logic of their own; but it is also an atmosphere in which, as Alice found beyond the Looking-Glass, one may run as fast as one can and stay in the same place.

The heroine, Gabriele Kirk, is presented at the beginning as a happily married young woman; but she persists in her childish daydreams of "Ivan" the ideal lover, she constantly retreats into recollections of her actual childhood. That is, she is already definitely neurotic; and when she learns that her husband has been casually unfaithful, the shock can scarcely be said even to intensify her neurosis; it merely makes it more conscious. For now she retreats into daydreams from her unhappiness, and knows that she is retreating; and understands, too, the danger to the mind in such a flight, though she cannot control it. And when the doctor to whom she goes for treatment makes love to her, and she finds herself again and again near to yielding, she is afraid not of the loss of her virtue, but of the final psychological defeat in giving herself up.

All this is conveyed with a remarkably sure instinct. The author never explains the transference by which the doctor takes the place of the Ivan of fancy, never explains how definite is Gabriele's fear of schizophrenia. She does not need to. She merely relates Gabriele's thoughts with a hypnotic power which convinces even where it sometimes is not clear. This, one feels, is what it must be like to be on the edge of normality. In the same way, she conveys in the doctor one of the most frequently unsuccessful of all types, the man who is obviously rotten and obviously charming. She does not attempt to explain the contradiction; she merely presents it, seen from both sides as Gabriele sees it, and we accept it.

This is an achievement; but it would be a much greater one if the book could convey sanity as well as neurosis. To get the book under way the heroine asks her husband, out of a clear sky, for no reason, apparently without intention, whether he is faithful on the nights when his work keeps him in town, and then wonders "How on earth had that gotten spoken, involuntarily, astounding her as much as him?" And the conclusion, in which Gabriele is, we are told, brought back to herself, is similarly hurried, and similarly unconvincing. And in the body of the book, the long act that lies between this very brief prologue and epilogue, there is real variety, but no real development; Gabriele's suffering is varied as a nightmare, but unprogressive as a nightmare. But although, measured by the "Poetics" (which one of the characters is allowed to misquote, saying of the protagonist what Aristotle says of the plot), this has no beginning and no end, but only a complex middle, it is a remarkable first novel, and gives promise of an unusual talent.

Pinchot

LENORE G. MARSHALL

Their Hidden Selves

THE DARK GLASS. By March Cost. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

LIKE Miss Cost's earlier novel, "A Man Named Luke," this present one slips away from classification. Two of its chief attributes are an extraordinary power over language that conveys the atmosphere of a fourth dimension of being, and a remarkable felicity of description. Perhaps the passage from Leonardo da Vinci's notes, that Miss Jessop remembers on the train, best describes what Miss Cost seeks for in her prose: "Remember that between the light and the dark there is something that partakes of both, luminous shadow or a dusky light. Seek for it, O Painter!" Miss Cost is a mystic of a new kind, one who is able to present real people in real life with extreme vividness, and yet at the same time to make us feel excitingly interwoven with all their material concerns the searching of their spirits backward and forward through time. Time is, of course, the dark glass.

In the first place this is a novel full of a variety of people, whose outer lives are shown and whose inner lives are revealed in a space of twenty-four hours. They are all gathered together in the same place. That place is Jordans End in Sussex, now turned by Laura St. Cloud its owner, of financial necessity, into a guest house, a sort of sublimated boarding house. There are the Beamishes, the older son George being a successful novelist, the younger son, Tony, the author of his first own brilliant novel, and the mother recently arrived. There is Fanny Wreath, the actress, "lost among echoes in her heyday;" Miss Jessop, the "still-born artist," and her young relative, Cherry Lea, bearing in her breast a direful secret; Miss Lovett, who must depart for a dangerous operation; the unhappy married couple, the Jaspers, the strangely incognito "Professor Schultz;" the bluff but sensitive old soldier, Colonel Haggard; the pathetic bounder, Mr. Hooper; the utterly sophisticated Ann Cope, with her dreary past; and Miss Verity who is something of a clairvoyant, and almost a saint. The book is divided into books that follow certain hours of the clock. Book One begins with a migration of birds on All Souls' Eve, and with Miss St. Cloud in the wee sma' hours of All Souls' day in 1929, putting aside the drawing-room curtain and looking out into the November night. Then, one after another, the occupants of the house are discovered alone with their thoughts in their bedrooms. They foregather at breakfast the next morning. A new mirror is hung in the hall; and the conversation at breakfast and the hanging of the mirror bear strongly upon the events that follow. A remark of Miss Lovett's at breakfast is taken up by George Beamish as an excellent idea for a book, that "each individual shall exchange places with his dearest enemy, or better still, his own hidden self," for twenty-four hours.

There is enough material here for five or more novels as we know them. There is subtle and far-reaching speculation as to human destiny. There is most beautiful description of present and past —particularly in Laura's remembrance of her youth and of Garse Castle and the Highlands. The characters' adventures in time, past, present, and future, I found enthralling. In one passage, Dr. Webb's vision of Fanny Wreath, the prose becomes triumphant and pure poetry.

MARCH COST

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Disappearing Novelists

IN a recent book called "The Art of Authorship,"* Mr. Edwin Valentine Mitchell, who has had considerable experience as author, publisher, and bookseller, makes a number of varied and pertinent observations about writers, their habits and eccentricities, their sources of inspiration and income, their relations with the book trade. Always interesting and frequently amusing, Mr. Mitchell has written a book more suggestive and stimulating than conclusive. It is full of themes which any reader who has had experience with authors will be tempted to develop. There is in particular one passage which leads to a train of thought suggesting a note for literary historians of the future.

> Few authors [writes Mr. Mitchell, with specific reference to novelists] fulfill their early promise. Perhaps they have a book or two in them, but that is all. After that they have nothing more to say. Glance back over the publishing lists of the past ten years, and you will begin to wonder what has become of this author and that whose name for a brief period was everywhere in the reviews.

This disposes of the subject as far as Mr. Mitchell is concerned, leaving the point for anyone to make the most of. What has caused so many once promising novelists to do the disappearing act? (Incidentally, if you doubt that there have been so many, look over the old publishers' lists, as Mr. Mitchell suggests.) The first explanation, and the most obvious, is that these authors were never so promising as their publishers, and certain reviewers who use too many big words, made out. But this is not enough to explain away the phenomenon of the one-book novelist.

A better explanation suggests itself in the observation that the twenties, both here and in England, seem in retrospect to have been a decade of autobiographical novels. Soon after the war, rebellion was in the air. Rebellion against the war (witness the avalanche of autobiographical war novels), against convention ("Moon-Calf" and its successors), against pretension and pomposity (the host of writers who came early under the influence of *The Smart Set*). These were personal rebellions, intensely individual and disorganized. And every one who had a rebellion for sale was encouraged to put it down on paper. Stories of unhappy American childhoods were coming at the rate of five a week, rivalled only by novels of English public school life. H. L. Mencken once said—it must have been in the early days of the *Mercury*—that a dull autobiography was inconceivable, therefore, by implication, that everybody has at least one good book in him. But there were too many writers who took him at his word and called the results fiction.

This is not by way of forgetting that there have been highly distinguished novels strongly autobiographical in content or flavor, from "Of Human Bondage" at one end of the scale to "Portrait of the Artist" and "Ulysses" at the other. There have been others, if not on the same level, at least with much to be said for them—"Moon-Calf," for instance, and "This Side of Paradise." And of course the indefatigable Thomas Wolfe, who lives faster than he can write, is in a class by himself. But of the imitators, the self-expressionists with no selves worth expressing, the introspective writers who picked up enough amateur psychoanalysis to explain why they had unhappy childhoods—of these there were too many.

It seems a reasonable conjecture that a large proportion of the promising novelists upon whose disappearance Mr. Mitchell comments were autobiographical novelists. They had only enough material for one book each, or in some cases one promising book and a disappointing sequel. And their medium seems to be definitely outmoded. Probably fewer of the kind of autobiographical novels that flourished in the twenties are being written today—certainly far fewer are being accepted for publication. Individual rebellion, it seems, is no longer a fashionable subject.

*The Art of Authorship. By Edwin Valentine Mitchell. New York: Loring & Mussey. 1935. $1.75.

A Fair Exchange

As "Les Miserables" succeeds "David Copperfield" on the screen, and "Vanity Fair" "Les Miserables," it becomes increasingly apparent that the motion picture is turning to the classics for more and more of its material. In so doing it treads a path at the same time easy and difficult, for if on the one hand it has the interest of enthusiasts on which to rely, on the other, it has to contend against preconceived ideas of what a character should be or a situation portend.

Inevitably, of course, the motion picture in taking over a story from the written form works a change in the progression of its incidents and is under the necessity of compressing as well as rearranging its detail. What in a book must be described at length, on the screen becomes self-evident; background, setting, the play of gesture and facial expression, the inflections of the voice, all help to project the author's vision into the consciousness of the beholder. The novel's incidental portrayal is translated into action, and the author's comment upon it goes by the board. For the purposes of the screen that emanation of spirit which lends to fiction its high distinction and transmutes a narrative of events from mere portrayal of life into criticism of it is by and large blotted out. The "Vanity Fair" of a Thackeray, and the "Vanity Fair" of a motion picture taken from Thackeray by way of Langdon Mitchell, bear but a distant relationship to each other. Let no one think who sees Dickens or Thackeray or Victor Hugo on the screen that thereby he knows what those authors are.

For it is the noblest virtue of the great novelist not only that he tells a story but that in the telling he invests life with a beauty or pathos or tragedy more embracing than any which inheres in its incidents alone. The very essence of the novelist's art lies in those excursions into character and philosophy and the incidence of living which the screen, if it is to be swift-paced enough to enthrall a wide public, must of necessity abjure. Yet there will be thousands, who, eager to have bodied forth personalities and scenes which they have cherished in their hearts for years, will hasten to refresh their memories of a loved tale from the version of it the screen presents. If only other thousands, roused to the desire to read some masterpiece from the picture based upon its plot, turn from the film to the book itself, the interests of literature and the screen will both have been served.

Ten Years Ago

In the issue of June 20th, 1925, *The Phœnician* announced: "*Even more spectacular than D. H. Lawrence is Colonel Thomas E. Lawrence, and shortly before Christmas a book will appear describing his experiences. . . . The book will be called, 'The Seven Pillars—Mr. Thomas Lawrence's Experiences in Arabia during the War in* 1917 *and* 1918.'" . . . "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" was issued in a limited edition at $20,000 a copy. Abridged and revised, it was published as "Revolt in the Desert" in 1927. Read by hundreds of thousands, "Revolt in the Desert" will shortly go out of print because of the forthcoming trade edition of "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" in its original form, to be issued by Doubleday, Doran in September.

Today

The Saturday Review recommends these new books:

ONLY THE FEAR. By Lenore G. Marshall. See review on page 7.

MR. JUSTICE CARDOZO. By Joseph P. Pollard. See review on page 11.

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Letters to the Editor: *A Reader Weeps for the Old Magazines*

Crocodile Tears?

SIR:—Owing to some oversight (sooner or later I always read my *Reviews* from cover to cover) I just the other day ran across Don Marquis's criticism, or thinly veiled encomium, of the *Review* in one of your last February issues, and I woke up this morning thinking about it. Since you ask your readers' opinions, mine is that Don has given you a dose of molasses mixed with little or no ginger.

Years ago I wept when the old *Nation* went red, and now I am preparing to weep for you. One of the attractions of the good old antediluvian literary periodicals was that you could plunge in beyond your depth and stay there for columns or even whole pages at a time. From such reading one gained at least a vague sense of mental illumination, such as I had when I read Irving's "Life of Washington" in my eighth year. I felt I must be improving my mind. True, one may get the same sensation now and then from the *Saturday Review*, particularly from certain of its politico-literary and philosophical disquisitions. But with the old reviews one had a feeling that, though the reader was submerged, there was light up above, that the writer, if no one else, understood whereof he wrote; and one does not have that same assurance with our young illuminati of today.

Another attraction of the old periodicals was those rip-slashing reviews, which would often end a fine liturgy of condemnation with some ludicrous anticlimax, such as "the book has an excellent index" or "will be enjoyed by the ignorant masses to whom it appeals." These would still have a value in this day of shoddy book-making, over-advertising, trading on reputations, and what-not sort of meretricious appeal. Without a good measure of the old-fashioned, bespectacled severity, a review is liable to lose its usefulness as a respected guide to what is worth while.

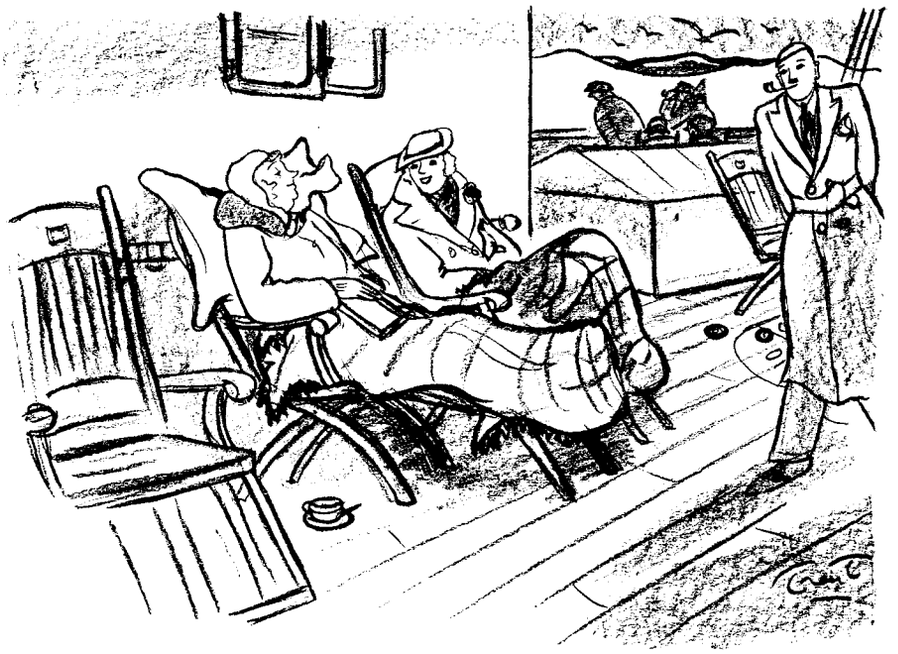
In closing, may I suggest another way to please us oldsters? Insert your occasional poems, as you now do, on page one or two; let us ponder over them; but then, say about page thirteen, put a little note in, telling us why you think they are good. What an education for us that would be! And with a puzzle value also, like *Double Crostics*, which I greatly enjoy.

ALLAN WESTCOTT.

United States Naval Academy,
Annapolis, Md.

HAVE YOU READ ANY GOOD BOOKS LATELY?

What books have you been reading? New books, old books, best-sellers, discoveries? What are your comments? Everybody knows what the critics think of the new books, but nobody knows the opinions of the Unknown Reader. The editors of *The Saturday Review*, by way of redressing the balance, invite readers to send in letters about their current reading. If you liked—or did not like—"National Velvet," or "Young Renny," or "Of Time and the River," or "Personal History"—if you have just been reading "David Copperfield" for the first or the tenth time—your fellow-readers would like to hear about it. Tell us, in brief, how you spend your reading time, mentioning specific titles of books. Letters will be printed, as far as space allows, in this department.



"JEROME IS NOT TIPPING THE LIBRARY STEWARD—THEY HAVEN'T A SINGLE BOOK HE WROTE!"

Book and Magazine Guild

SIR:—A guild of men and women employed in professional and executive work in book and magazine publishing has been organized under the name of the Book and Magazine Guild of America. A strong sentiment for organization has been apparent for some time among these groups, and after several preliminary meetings the present organization was formed. The guild includes workers in the editorial, production, promotion, and distribution branches of these industries. It does not include weekly-magazine employees who are eligible for the Newspaper Guild; nor typists, accountants, and other office workers.

The Book and Magazine Guild is intended to serve the cultural and economic interests of its members by furnishing a medium for the exchange of information; by taking action to safeguard civil liberties and to oppose all censorship laws; by working for social-security laws for the professional and executive workers excluded from recent legislation; by providing technical training in typography, MS editing, and other specialized publishing work; by operating an employment service for members; by coöperating with other employee groups; and in general by stimulating the growing sense of solidarity among those employed in this field.

All workers in the above-mentioned categories are invited to join the new organization, whether or not now employed, and are asked to send their names to Lillian Lustig, Secretary of the Book and Magazine Guild, 215 West 92nd Street.

JAMES GILMAN, *President*,
Book and Magazine Guild.

New York City.

Frederick Manning

SIR:—Christopher Morley, in his Bowling Green column, mentions Frederick Manning's "Scenes and Portraits," and states that it is now published in London by Peter Davies, but he does not know whether it has ever been issued over here.

"Scenes and Portraits" was published in this country by Putnam's in 1909, the year of its publication in England by John Murray. I found a copy of the first English edition at "Good Old Leary's," standing beside the first American edition. The latter had the distinction of being priced higher. . . .

B. R. KEMP.

Glen Riddle, Pa.

Not So Hot

SIR:—Did Mr. Morley intend to "start something" under the subject of "modes of speech supposed very recent" when he quoted Mark Twain's use of the expression *take it* in the Bowling Green of June 8th? If he did I want to submit the following partial line from Pepys' Diary under the entry of April 26th, 1664: "The talk of a Dutch war is *not so hot*, etc."

GEORGE W. FITZROY.

Provo, Utah.

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The Irish West

SALUTE TO APHRODITE. By Rearden Conner. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1935. $2.50.

MAN OF ARAN. By Pat Mullen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by SHANE LESLIE

IT is difficult to associate the delicate Cyprian Queen of the Greek World with the ruffianly seducer, whose bloody and boisterous career makes the theme of Mr. Conner's bold, bad book. It is bold in that it paints in large brushwork the brutalized side of peasant existence in the west of Ireland as well as the more refined agonies of a priest who loses his dogmatic faith and falls in love with the pathetic wife of the murderous bully. It is bad, but not from the point of view of technique or sincerity. Mr. Conner has both of these, and his telling of a story is like a gallop over a bog. He belabors his Muse until the mud flies. It is bad from the point of view of documentation. It claims loudly to be "a novel of Ireland in the days of the Fenian trouble." Now the Great Fenian Novel has long awaited its writer.

Anyone who has spent time working at the material for Irish history in the nineteenth century, will be bitterly disappointed. The Fenian era followed the return of Irish veterans from the American Civil War and is strictly defined within the sixties and seventies until the coming of Davitt and Parnell, whose Land Leaguers (the subject of Trollope's accurate novel of the name) filled the Irish canvas through the eighties and nineties until the coming of the Gaelic Leaguers and Sinn Feiners of the last troubles. Mr. Conner has no sense of the decade of which he is writing. His book is larded with anachronisms which will be passed over, however, by anyone in love with a fierce, quick story oozing with primitive bloodlust and womanizing. But the Irish historian must call Mr. Conner to task. By all means paint as an Irish Zola, coarse, anti-clerical, and fluent, but not with colors from different palettes.

REARDEN CONNER

We are supposed to be in the Fenian seventies at least, but the children "are sporting medals which they won at various Feis Ceoils, the open air musical Festivals," which belong to the Gaelic League period thirty years later. The modernist priest reads "Lafcadio Hearn's strangely profound analysis of Oriental philosophy, 'Kokoro,'" which is a twentieth century book. Again he talks of "this month's *Messenger*," a pious little widespread paper which was certainly not sold in Fenian days. The sight of a "man in a green kilt and orange shawl" would have considerably surprised the Fenians, whose idea of a national uniform was the legendary dress of Robert Emmet. The Irish kilt was, of course, introduced by the present living Lord Ashbourne in Gaelic League days. The best thing would be to obliterate the word Fenian in the book and on the wrapper for any such association with them is a libel. The nearest to Mr. Conner's roughneck might have been found among the Invincibles who although murderers were clean of life. The Fenians themselves were idealists and sought open and legitimate warfare to liberate Ireland. They were honeycombed by informers and they were sold and betrayed, but a large proportion who escaped death or imprisonment continued their idealism in the ranks of the priesthood and the foreign missions. Their story has never been told, but for twenty years I have been accumulating materials for the Fenian Saga of the sixties and seventies, so do not contradict me, Mr. Conner, or from my library in County Monaghan I shall overwhelm you sitting in your home in Surrey, England. The whole novel belongs to a period when only the last of the Fenians, John O'Leary (sung by Yeats in a farewell Ballad), survived in magnificent loneliness in Dublin.

As to the technique of the novel, that is a good, rough, fierce, fresh story and is only to be judged by its quick readableness. Mr. Conner colors the priest's love affair and dereliction of faith with far from partial sincerity. Like most modern Irish writers he has adopted a preaching anti-clericalism which spoils the literary art, which is clearly simmering beneath. He has a message and he says it. But novelists should not carry a message or preach crusade.

He has the fierce and often lovely Anglo-Irish speech, which Synge brought into literature, and the proverbs and the folklore. Taken at random:

A SCENE FROM "MAN OF ARAN"

> Yerra there's time enough. Come on in now, Martin avic. Sure time enough lost the ducks.
>
> The best gamester is always at the ditch side.
>
> She could nag the jackets off a bushel of praities.
>
> Och that'll be a fire when it lights, as the fox said when it wet the hape of stones.

This is the real lingo and goes tripping in and out of the Gaelic.

The folklore looks genuine, especially the vivid account of the wren hunt on St. Stephen's Day, but Mr. Conner is astray with the Banshee. The book is larded with folksongs, which appear to be collected from separate sources and stuck in at intervals when required. There is none of the real Fenian ballads save the "Wearing of the Green," which comes down from the eighteenth century, the greatest of Dublin street-ballads. Those quoted are of the town public house variety such as could be heard in towns like Cork and Dublin, but save for a lullaby there is nothing of the Gaelic such as would be heard in a Western village. Between such stuff as

> Black eyes, broken noses, the blood ran in strames,
> Faith, says I to meself, this'll soon end me dhrames,

and Douglas Hyde's "Love Songs of Connaught" there lies the same gulf as between Mr. Conner's book and Pat Mullen's "Man of Aran."

"Man of Aran" is no novel. It is an account of Mr. Flaherty's famous film on the Aran Islands by the principal character. It is a pleasant addition to Synge's "Aran Isles." It is the real stuff and as full of the Irish aroma as the smell of seaweed on the Atlantic beaches. It is stitched up into literary shape and the stitches are often visible, but with the splendid photographs it makes a real addition to Celtic anthropology and to those who love the Irish West, an unforgettable souvenir.

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A Man of Law and Letters

MR. JUSTICE CARDOZO: A Liberal Mind in Action. By Joseph P. Pollard. New York: The Yorktown Press. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by GILBERT H. MONTAGUE

IN the much discussed May 27 Supreme Court decision which overthrew NRA and its now famous Poultry code, Mr. Justice Cardozo remarked in a concurring opinion,

> The delegated power of legislation which has found expression in this code is not canalized within banks that keep it from overflowing. It is unconfined and vagrant . . . Here in effect is a roving commission to inquire into evils and upon discovery correct them. . . . If that conception shall prevail, anything that Congress may do within the limits of the commerce clause for the betterment of business may be done by the President upon the recommendation of a trade association by calling it a code. This is delegation running riot.

These phrases not only describe NRA, but they show also the quality that insures for Mr. Justice Cardozo's court opinions a permanent place in literature.

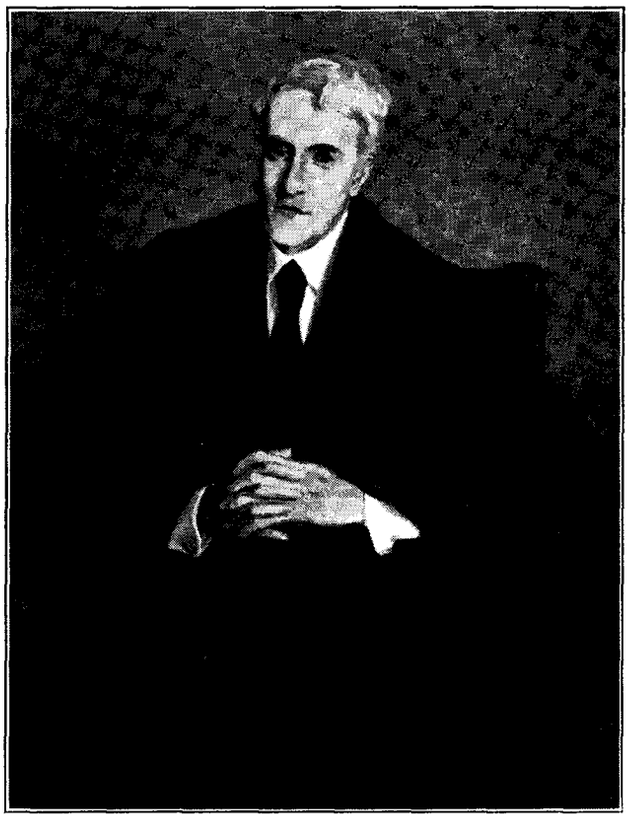
In the past hundred and twenty years, several hundred Supreme Court decisions have dealt with the distinction between interstate commerce over which the Federal government has jurisdiction, and intra-state commerce over which it has none. So obdurate is this subject to literary treatment, however, that even the greatest stylists among the Justices of the Supreme Court have not succeeded in making great literature out of this constitutional question. Chief Justice Marshall scored with a single maxim, "Commerce undoubtedly is traffic, but it is something more: it is intercourse," and this has lived and been quoted as legal literature long after its legal content has ceased to be very helpful. Many of Justice Holmes's opinions dealt with interstate commerce, and on this as on everything else he ever wrote Justice Holmes was always luminous, but he never coruscated as he did on other constitutional questions that for him had a more imaginative appeal.

Against the flint of this unpromising topic, Mr. Justice Cardozo on May 27 struck off these lightning flashes:

> I find no authority . . . for the regulation of wages and hours in . . . intrastate transactions. . . There is a view of causation that would obliterate the distinction between what is national and what is local in the activities of commerce. Motion at the outer rim is communicated perceptibly, though minutely, to recording instruments at the center.

And then quoting Judge Learned Hand, another master of literary expression among our Federal Judges, Mr. Justice Cardozo continued:

> A society such as ours "is an elastic medium which transmits all tremors through its territory; the only question is of their size" . . . The law is not indifferent to considerations of degree. Activities local in their immediacy do not become interstate and national because of distant repercussions. What is near and what is distant may at times be uncertain. . . There is no penumbra of uncertainty obscuring judgment here. To find immediacy or directness here is to find it almost everywhere. If centripetal forces are to be isolated to the exclusion of the forces that oppose and counteract them, there will be an end to our federal system.



BENJAMIN NATHAN CARDOZO
Portrait by Bernhard Gutman

The persuasive force of Mr. Justice Cardozo's literary gifts is demonstrated—as Mr. Henry W. Taft of the New York bar has elsewhere pointed out—in the extraordinary degree to which Judge Cardozo procured the assent of a majority of the New York Court of Appeals to his opinions while he was a Judge and later Chief Judge of that Court. Time and again this is revealed in Mr. Pollard's recital of cases of plagiarism, libel, censorship of morals, social welfare, civil rights, workmen's compensation, labor troubles, conflicts of business and government, personal injuries, family strife, constitutional problems, and international affairs that arose in the New York Court of Appeals and were decided in opinions by Judge Cardozo, later Chief Judge Cardozo, prior to his appointment in 1932 as a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Readers of general literature will, it is hoped, follow Mr. Pollard's suggestion, and pursue their reading of Mr. Justice Cardozo in three slender volumes of lectures at Yale and Columbia, "The Nature of the Judicial Process," "The Growth of the Law," and "The Paradoxes of Legal Science," and also in Mr. Justice Cardozo's more recent collection of essays, "Law and Literature." These lectures are legal literature at its best. Here may be found, in extraordinary felicity of phrasing, truths that deserve to be pondered since the Supreme Court's May 27 decision. "The great ideals of liberty and equality," says Mr. Justice Cardozo, "are preserved against the assaults of opportunism, the expediency of the passing hour, the erosion of small encroachments, the scorn and derision of those who have no patience with general principles, by enshrining them in constitutions, and consecrating to the task of their protection a body of defenders. . . . The restraining power of the judiciary does not manifest its chief worth in the few cases in which the legislature has gone beyond the lines that mark the limits of discretion. Rather shall we find its chief worth in making vocal and audible the ideals that might otherwise be silenced, in giving them continuity of life and of expression, in guiding and directing choice within the limits where choice ranges. This function should preserve to the courts the power that now belongs to them, if only the power is exercised with insight into social values, and with suppleness of adaption to changing social needs."

Only the artist can raise law to the rank of literature. "The search," as Mr. Justice Cardozo has elsewhere explained,

> is for the just word, the happy phrase, that will give expression to the thought, but somehow the thought itself is transfigured by the phrase when found. . . . A perception, more or less dim, of this truth underlies the remark of Graham Wallas that in some of the judges of our highest court there should be a touch of the qualities which make the poet.

When Mr. Justice Cardozo was appointed to succeed Justice Holmes, there was the assurance that "in some of the judges of our highest court" there would continue to be "a touch of the qualities which make the poet."

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Footnotes to Romans à Clef

BY EARLE WALBRIDGE

MRS. WHARTON appears to have said the last word on *romans à clef* in her recent autobiography, "A Backward Glance."

> All novelists who describe (whether from without or within) what is called "society life" are pursued by the idiotic accusation of putting "real people" (that is, persons actually known to the author) into their books. Anyone gifted with the least creative faculty knows how utterly beside the mark such an accusation is. "Real people" transported into a work of the imagination would instantly cease to be real; only those born of the creator's brain can give the least illusion of reality. But it is hopeless to persuade the unimaginative—who make up the bulk of novel readers—that to introduce real people into a novel would be exactly like gumming their snapshots into the vibrating human throng in a Guardi picture. If one did, they would be the only dead and unreal objects in a scene quivering with life. The low order, in fiction, of the genuine *roman à clef* (which is never written by a born novelist) naturally makes any serious writer of fiction indignant at being suspected of such methods. Nothing can be more exasperating to the creative writer than to have a clumsy finger point at one of the beings born in that mysterious otherworld of invention, with the arch accusation, "Of course we all recognize your Aunt Eliza! . . ."

That doesn't really discourage me. The following list is a supplement to lists appearing in the Branch Library Book News of the New York Public Library, the *Publishers' Weekly,* and "The Author's Annual, 1929"—all hopelessly out of print.

Bennett, Arnold. *Lord Raingo.*

Raingo has the same cadence as Rhondda, and it is possible that Bennett had the latter in mind (see volume 3 of his Journal). Frank Swinnerton, writing about the book in *The Bookman* some years ago, ascribed the character to Beaverbrook, but later admitted his mistake.

Birmingham, G. A., *pseud.* (Canon Hannay). *The Seething Pot.*

According to Stephen J. Brown's "Ireland in Fiction," Desmond O'Hara in this novel is a portrait of Standish O'Grady.

Bodenheim, Maxwell. *Duke Herring.*

" 'Duke Herring' is supposed to be Maxwell Bodenheim's retort to Ben Hecht's 'Count Bruga' and 'A Jew in Love.' One customer said the other day, or maybe it was Walter Winchell, 'That's no wrist-slap!' "—*Publishers' Weekly,* July 25, 1931.

Boyle, Kay. *My Next Bride.*

Besides the obviously autobiographical element, the book contains characters studied from Raymond Duncan and Harry and Caresse Crosby.

Brackett, Charles. *Entirely Surrounded.*

A study of the intermittently idyllic life led by Alexander Woollcott and his inner circle on Neshobe Island, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont.

Bridges, Constance. *Thin Air.*

The mystic, David Wendel, is drawn from John Langdon.

Buchan, John. *Greenmantle.*

"In the early days of the war he [Lawrence of Arabia] had, in some strange way, something to do with the Russian 'capture' of Erzerum, when the Turks all but laid down their arms. John Buchan's novel, 'Greenmantle,' in which the prophet leader of the Turks is pictured as an Englishman working for England, is supposed, by Liddell Hart, to be based on this incident."—The *New York Herald Tribune,* May 20, 1935.

Carroll, Lewis, *pseud.* (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson). *Through the Looking Glass.*

"Further pestering by the youngsters brought forth 'Through the Looking Glass.' In the Pool of Tears, the other two [Liddell] sisters appear, Lorina as the Lory, Edith as the Eaglet, Dodgson himself as the Dodo, and Godstow Robinson Duckworth, a tutor who went on the famous summer afternoon expedition, as the Dodo."—*New York World-Telegram,* Nov. 16, 1934.

Conrad, Joseph. *Lord Jim.*

"Jim Lingard, one of the Lingard brothers, was the model for Conrad's famous character Lord Jim."—Robert H. Davis in the *New York Sun,* April 4, 1933.

Crane, Stephen. *Wounds in the Rain.*

William B. Perkins is drawn from Ralph D. Paine, according to Vincent Starrett in Part Seven of the Colophon.

Davis, Richard Harding. *Soldiers of Fortune.*

A combination of Davis and John Hays Hammond, says Arthur Maurice.

—*Princess Aline.*

And that Princess Aline was Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt, who married Nicholas to become Czarina and to share her husband's tragic fate.

Delafield, E. M. *Messalina of the Suburbs.*

Based on the murder in London of Edith Thompson's husband by Frederick Bywaters, her lover. Both were hanged.

Duke, Winifred. *Bastard Verdict.*

Harold Fieldend is evidently based on the case of Harold Greenwood, who was accused of poisoning his wife. Miss Duke has edited the trial for the Notable British Trials series and also written an essay on it in her "Six Trials" ("The Riddle of Rumsey House," p. 93-146). London: Gollancz, 1934.

(*To be continued*)

KATHERINA VON DOMBROWSKI

Amazons of Paraguay

LAND OF WOMEN. By Katherina Von Dombrowski. Translated from the German by the author. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1935. $2.50.

MME. DOMBROWSKI'S story of Paraguay during the reign of its notorious third dictator, Francisco Lopez, is an historical novel in the rather formidable old-fashioned style, with a cast of some forty characters duly set down, program-fashion, just before the first chapter. Many of these, including Lopez himself and his French mistress, Mme. Lynch, are historical (there is even a glimpse of the American Minister of the time, the Hon. Charles A. Washburn), and to these are added various other figures and the local color picked up by an intelligent foreigner spending some time in the country.

It was during Francisco Lopez's reign that the little nation fought the combined forces of Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina, an astonishing example of dogged courage which dragged on from 1864 until 1870 and just about killed off the entire male population capable of carrying arms and many women as well. This war, which finds some counterpart in the present endless struggle for the Chaco, naturally makes the background of the novel, but its epic character is blurred by the author's preoccupation with the more intimate day to day stories of some of her women, in particular, Lopez's mistress and a little native girl named Manuela.

In general, Mme. Dombrowski's sympathies are with the oppressed people rather than with their oppressors. Her novel, which follows events down to the killing of the tyrant and the flight of his foreign mistress, is the painstaking and plodding reconstruction of a vanished scene rather than a swiftly-moving story to be read for its own sake, but it will be found interesting, nevertheless, particularly by those curious about a people, who, whatever else may be said about them, certainly can take it.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Translations from the Chinese

Mandarin on the Air

I.

In a pellucid calm of summer sunset
The Old Mandarin sat idling in his bamboo grove.
Putting up his chin, like a cat,
To be stroked by silence
He thought of all the hullabaloo
Passing unapprehended through the air around him.

He was astonished to consider:
In his autonomous ears and nostrils
In the private basin of his brain
Orchestras jostled unheard,
Commercials teemed in his belly;
Orators inspissated the bag of his lungs,
Syllables thridded his lumbars,
His entrails were embryo with palaver,
Electric with spores of speech.

Oh circumambient air
Wherein we live and are,
They should choose with care
Words that go so far.

II.

When I first went on the air, many years ago
(Reflected the Old Monologue)
Radio was still primitive.
When a thunderstorm came along
Broadcasting was suspended
Until the kilocycles abated
And the amplitudes quit howling.
In those days they said I used words too long and heavy
For the stripling ether.

But now the air has grown up
And can carry almost anything.
Think of the political and economic brainstorms
That have rumbled through space:
Yet as I look outdoors
It seems still pure, transparent, unblemished,—
Even unresentful.

Scientist Orders His Tomb

I like to think of Van Ceulen
The methodical Dutch mathematician
Who ordered to be carved on his tomb in Leyden
The value of Pi
To 35 places of decimals
(As far as he had reckoned it.)

Implying, presumably.
The Endless Incommensurables
Life and Death.

Discretion

The Old Mandarin
Was taken for a week-end motor trip.
He was much impressed
By Adirondack gorges and chasms.
He said, "They remind me
Of Van Raalte's advertisement
For ladies' summer bifurcations—
So sheer they can't be photographed."

Swanker to Windward

We rode 800 chromo miles
(At a cost of only $10 for oil and gas)
In a little car that never faltered,
Drummed her faithful rhythm
Through sun and shade and storm.
The old philosopher began to brood.
"Is it possible that your young hotskulls
Poop off at modern industry?
Nux vomica and library paste!
Where is the writer, artist, economic orgiast,
Who does his job as well and truly
As that unswanking anonymity
The motor engineer?"

Travel Note

Put me back on the road again,
Cried the wanderlusting mage:
On damnable U. S. 1, the premier road of Northamerica,
Arterial highway poisoned with big blood count.
The frenzy of that swarming traffic,
Trucks, busses, dog-stands, gas pumps,
Shore Dinners,
The horrors of New Rochelle, Portchester, Greenwich, Mianus,
Cos Cob, Stamford, Darien, Norwalk,
Endured because I know I will soon turn off
On lovely U. S. 7.
Put me back on the road again,
Let's itinerate!

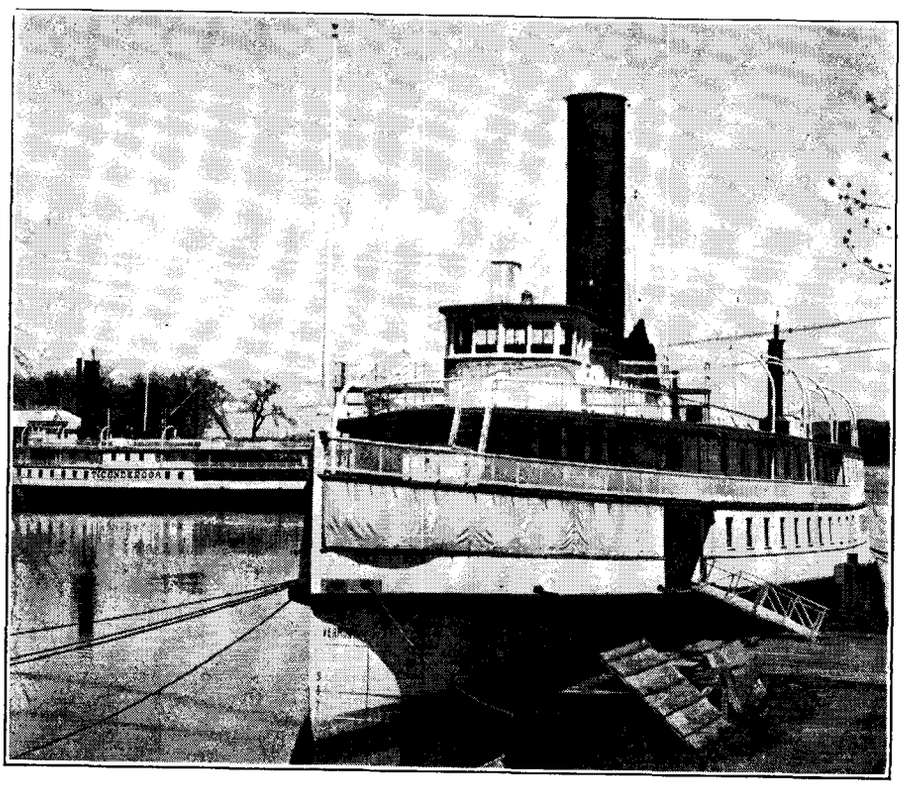
Once in a Blue Noon

Hot summer noon
In the train yards at Long Island City
Rails gleam dark blue
Like parallels of yonder,
Samples of horizon.

Rose is a Rose

We speak of aphids and rose-lice
(Said the Old Mandarin,
Reluctantly spraying arsenate of lead on the bushes)
As if they were merely contingent parasites,
Entities alien and separate
From the plant itself.
But actually, as life is encountered
In a world of approximation and asymptote,
They are a function of the rose,
A necessary part of its phenomenon:
As integral to its completeness
As Error to the heart of man.

The aphis, for roses,



STEAMER "VERMONT," LAKE CHAMPLAIN (*photo Storrs Lee*)

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ANNIE NELLES, BOOK AGENT

Is part of the plan,
And Sin presupposes
Existence of Man.

ANOTHER VERSION

The question curst
And sure to baffle
Is, which came first
In the endless raffle?
The cotton boll
Or the hungry weevil?
The human soul
Or the itch of Evil?

ROYAT (PUY-DE-DÔME)

It is characteristic of humanity
Observed the travel agent
That every summer come renewed inquiries
For the name of the town in France
Which is said to have a climate so bracing
That a season spent there caused a Bishop
To bite a Barmaid in the neck.

REQUISITION

I saw crates of bees
Unloaded from a train Upstate
To fertilize fruit orchards.
No one has enough bees in his own bonnet
To pollinate the flowers of his mind.

Import me a few hives of strange notions—
Mine are too sluggish.

I OWE grateful thanks to Charlotte Moody and Storrs Lee who were kind enough to hunt out the good old Lake Champlain steamboat *Vermont*—now tied up in Shelburne Bay—and send me her photo. I first travelled in her in 1902, and then many times until 1910. When I first knew her she seemed as big as the *Normandie*.

Annie the Agent

SIR:—You asked me to do a note on that weird work *Annie Nelles, or the Life of a Book Agent*, an autobiography published by its author in Cincinnati, 1868. Why, I don't know—but suspect you only wanted an excuse to print Annie's portrait.

"I never nursed a dear gazelle," etc., is the sombre theme that pervades the book. In consonance with this is the sheer melodrama typical of the minor writing of the period. Misfortune follows misfortune until the authoress is forced to book canvassing as a means of livelihood.

Her initial effort was as agent for *Tried and True, or Love and Loyalty*. Later she took over, *Home Circle, Memorial to Mr. Lincoln, The Lost Cause* (Pollard), *The General History of Freemasonry in Europe* (Rebold), and *The History of Morgan's Cavalry*. With the exception of the first all were dehydrated pap to feed the youthful Middle West. It isn't strange that *Tried and True* was her best seller. Despite such a list book selling proved fairly lucrative. It wasn't unusual for her to make fifty dollars or more a week. But aside from the remuneration, and equally important, the work gave her pleasure. "Even if I were endowed by boundless wealth I wouldn't give up being a book agent." Her later life repudiated that statement, but the sentiment does her credit.

Her enterprising spirit was commendable and her psychology quite modern. She advertised her books in the local papers of small towns and then followed up by canvassing. Attempts at selling the book on Freemasonry were made only after she received membership lists and a recommendation from the head of the local organization. She learned as much as possible about each person whom she intended to visit and then attacked them at their weakest spot. She even noted the effects of weather on her client's moods. While these comments on bookselling are interesting, not to say amusing, the book is good fun chiefly because Annie takes herself too seriously. One of her objects in writing it, she explains, is "that the world may be informed, so far as it is in my power, of the real character of those who have so foully wronged and ill-treated me."

FRED HARTUNG.

New York City.

An Ironic Story of the Greed for Gold

THE TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE. By B. Traven. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

A YEAR ago, Mr. Traven's "The Death Ship" came as a belligerent and bitter document, violent against the forces that degrade men and drag them down to moral and economic depths. In his new book, "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre," Mr. Traven turns his hatred on the disintegrating power of the greed for gold, and on the misery that he believes the Roman Catholic organization has brought for centuries to Mexico. Once more he has written a burning narrative of human derelicts.

Howard, an experienced prospector, with Dodds and Curtin, two down and out Americans, left Tampico for the western mountains. They discovered a moderately plentiful deposit in a high valley, and in spite of bandits and of growing quarrels among themselves, they were able to start back to the nearest town. But the return journey, with its burden of gold, demanded more intelligence and grit than they possessed; disaster inevitably overtook them. The conclusion is double-edged irony.

The author writes from a fresh and original mind. His manner of approach tends to the oblique, giving at times a disconcerting distribution of emphasis, at times a looseness of construction. But in far greater measure, Mr. Traven has power, earnestness, and a mastery over significant and vivid violence. At first glance merely a rip-roaring adventure story, the novel digs down to uncover the wretchedness of greed and ignorance. This book and "The Death Ship" give evidence of a passionate and striking talent.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE INTRUSIVE TOURIST *Mrs. Baillie Reynolds* (Crime Club: $2)	Overseas claimant to British castle and title clears up ancient murder — and almost kills himself doing it.	Haunted rooms, gliding beds, musty documents nicely mixed with lively chatter, thrills, and romance.	Capital
THE ALLEGED GREAT AUNT *Henry Kitchell Webster (and others)* (Bobbs Merrill: $2.)	Ingratiatingly written tale of forgery, abduction, and the fortunes of a long lost child.	Besides pleasantly exciting plot there's a certain zest in guessing where Webster MS. ended and his successors began.	Enjoyable
THE LADDER OF DEATH *Brian Flynn* (Macrae Smith: $2.)	Three or four British gels ostensibly motor crash victims found to be murdered. Anthony Bathurst traces killers.	Nice problem to start with, but story almost succumbs to overwriting and creaky mechanism.	Not so good

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Lawrence of Arabia

(*Continued from page 4*)

cess turned on new material conditions which are even more marked in modern regular warfare. No civilized nation can maintain itself long without the railway, or maintain war without munitions. What the Arabs did yesterday the Air Force may do tomorrow, yet more swiftly. Moreover, this new exploitation of the changed "biological" conditions of war may be coupled with a more calculated exploitation of the psychological conditions — to which Lawrence also showed the way. To disarm is more potent than to kill. This fact, by bringing him into relation with the whole of the war, gives a new meaning to his exploits in Arabia and Syria. Military history cannot dismiss him as merely a successful leader of irregulars. He is seen to be more than a guerilla genius—rather he appears a strategist of genius who had the vision to anticipate the guerilla trend of the civilized warfare that arises from the growing dependence of nations on industrial resources.

Lawrence himself was fully aware of this application. It had no small influence on the part he played in securing the Air Force its opportunity in the Middle East after the war, and also on his action in joining it himself—the utilization of the air, as he remarked, was "the one big thing left for our generation to do." Other factors, however, prompted the second step. He had a sense of fulfilment, reinforced by a sense of futility. It may be near the truth to say that he enlisted in the Air Force for the same reason that thoughtful men in the Middle Ages entered a monastery. A further impulse was his own awareness that he had strained his balance—as much by the excitement generated in writing his great book, "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," as by his war effort. The earlier years of humdrum service were years of restoration—it was a healthier man, physically and mentally, who took his discharge this last March; a man who looked much less than his forty-six years and radiated an air of contentment, whatever the unease that might lie deeper in one who saw all things too clearly. In the later years of his service his interest revived and his gifts were better utilized—although still insisting on the lowest rank, he gave invaluable aid in the development of high-speed motor-boats for the assistance of seaplanes, and of target-boats for bombing experiments.

On the road to Damascus his eyes had been opened to more than a new theory of war. He gained a fresh measure of spiritual release. He had been born more nearly free than most men, helped by the whim of nature which made him apparently devoid of normal appetites. The possessive instinct had never been strong in him, and he had sought to remove its tendrils whenever and wherever perceived. From the competitive instinct he had also been free; throughout his life he strove only to reach a standard raised in his own mind, not to outrival other men. But ambition takes many forms; the lust of power is often strongest in those who are immune from lower cravings. Ambition, Lawrence certainly had—an ambition so immense that in youth he dreamt of attaining equal greatness in the sphere of action and in the sphere of thought.

Thus, when the war called him to action, he determined to prove his power by gaining the prizes to which men of action commonly aspired—rank and title. These desires he soon shed—as soon, indeed, as he found them within his reach. The ambition that survived was for real power, and its accompanying achievement. This in turn dropped away when Damascus was gained. For three days he ruled it; on the fourth he left—driven forth by his perception of the threat to his wisdom, and the consequent danger to freedom, his own and others'.

For in reflection he had imbibed *the* lesson of history—that most of mankind's troubles are man-made, and arise from the compound effect of decisions taken without knowledge, ambitions uncontrolled by wisdom, and judgments that lack understanding. Their ceaseless repetition is the grimmest jest that providence plays upon the human race. Lawrence's sense of humor appreciated the jest to the full; his wisdom deterred him from contributing to its furtherance. He came to distrust power, although he did not despise influence — the unseen current that works through the mind. His understanding of other men was greater than any I have known. Himself he did not know—seeing himself from too many angles. This helps to explain the abstentions and superficial contradictions which, accentuated by an impish sense of humor, were often baffling and provoking, even to friends. But the deeper one penetrated beneath the surface, the stronger grew the impression of his essential consistency and sanity.

In his freedom from possessiveness, from competitiveness, and, finally, from ambition, he was an incarnate message of the wisdom which approaches the divine. That message cannot die. For this, his greatest potential influence, even his passing may have been well-timed. If he had lived to re-emerge in some hour of crisis as a ruler of men—for which he was fitted not least by his unwillingness to take the sceptre—anything he could have done would have been small compared with what his memory may do. He has gone, but has left behind a dynamic legend of incalculable inspiration. No man can ever approach the power of a legend. And this one, having a more substantial basis of truth than any perhaps in recent ages, has the greater promise.

Liddell Hart, whose book "Colonel Lawrence, the Man behind the Legend" appeared a year ago, recently became military critic of the London Times.

Who wrote it — a demure Victorian or a witty modern?

The Bazalgettes

Or *Folly and Farewell*

The book that has all England guessing. A novel of loves, woes, wicked fathers, brutal husbands, handsome suitors—thoroughly modern in plot, purely Victorian in handling, brilliant in effect. A volume reminiscent of the sheer enjoyment found in "The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion." $2.50

No Traveller Returns

By

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

The new volume of poetry by the author of "Letters To Women", "Sunrise Trumpets", etc. "I admire Mr. Auslander's work very much indeed. His work is head and shoulders above the rank and file of those writing verse in this country. He has preserved both honesty of intention and vigorous independence as a craftsman."—*William Rose Benét.* $2.50

HARPER & BROTHERS New York

℞

Christopher Morley's

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"Tobacco or iced tea or both
"A copy of

THE ELIGIBLE BACHELOR

"What quiet, agreeable, demurely humorous writing it is!"
—*Christopher Morley*

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Reinforcements for Sales Resistance

COUNTERFEIT. By Arthur Kallet. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1935. $1.50.

LET'S GET WHAT WE WANT! By Walter B. Pitkin. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1935. $2.

HOW TO SPEND MONEY. By Ruth Brindze. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by T. SWANN HARDING

FIVE or six years ago the publication of two books—"Your Money's Worth," by Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink, and "Fads, Frauds, and Physicians," by the present writer—ushered in an avalanche of advertising exposés. The two books mentioned were quite accurate and they "named names" of well known products. Many of the later books, especially the first wild, hysterical preachments from Consumers' Research, were inaccurate, distorted, and sensational. Yet the books have done much to stiffen intelligent sales resistance on the part of that amorphous body called consumers.

Members of Consumers' Research continually publish as their own private works books made possible only by the existence of the factual material accumulated by that organization and paid for by fees from its trusting members. Arthur Kallet's "Counterfeit" is another such work, and it stands in the old exposé tradition. But the job is done well, and the illustrations make the book as attractive as commercial advertisements themselves are. The general argument is that producers in a profit economy exact too great a monetary tribute for the cosmetics, textiles, equipment, furniture, foods, and drugs provided the public.

Hokum is made dramatic by the use of arresting pictures. Kallet sees no hope save in the fundamental, revolutionary change in our economic system. He deviates into a number of sacred inaccuracies, long sanctified by Consumers' Research beliefs, such as the poisonous character of a toothpaste containing potassium chlorate,—on the theory that children might eat it. A child might also eat Kallet's book, yet, like the toothpaste, it also bears no warning against such perverted appetite that would surely prove disastrous.

The old misstatement is repeated that the Food and Drug Administration prosecutes only unimportant firms, evidently a deliberate misstatement because, by his own confession, author Kallet reads the Administration's *Notices of Judgment* regularly, and these prove the contrary. Senator Copeland is slandered, and the new Food and Drugs Act is given a distorted interpretation and an injection of irony. But on the whole the book is quite accurate, though it would leave your average reader merely asking: "So what?"

In his "Let's Get What We Want!" Walter B. Pitkin endeavors to answer that question. Pitkin takes the position that the American consumer would not be sold hokum if he were not so stupid as to like it. He therefore believes that no amount of Government regulation will end this preying upon consumers (we are all of us consumers, remember), and, instead, he suggests that purchasers boldly unite to inform themselves even if they have to pay Secret Shoppers to get and publish the facts about products on the market.

Pitkin divides his subject into four parts: Clothing; Foods and Drugs; Medical Attention; Housing. He first exposes the shoddy and the waste in each of these fields in his Book II (entitled "The Order of Evils in the Consumer Goods Industries"), and then, in Book III, he demonstrates "How to Get What You Want" in each field. He winds up by reminding the consumer that it is now his move to act intelligently for his own protection.

In general, Pitkin envisages a continuance of the capitalistic system and tries to demonstrate how ordinary people can manage to live under it without being defrauded if they but exercise their intelligence. His book contains a vast deal of useful, factual information, and the final suggestions indicate some keen thought.

WALTER B. PITKIN

In her "How to Spend Money" Ruth Brindze treats the same subject as Pitkin, though she cannot be said to cover the same ground. She devotes little or no space to examinations of the capitalistic system or to exposés of fraud *per se*. She considers these jobs finished by others. As Chairman of the Consumers' Council of Westchester County, N. Y., she has apparently had an opportunity to study consumer problems over a very wide field.

Household supplies, foods, drugs, bathroom supplies, men's and women's clothing, bed and table linen, women's handbags, traveling bags, shows, bedding, china ware, and canned goods are all covered — only alcoholic beverages are strangely omitted! Miss Brindze is unprejudiced, accurate, clear, and intelligently informative. Her book would be a liberal education in consumption to many housewives. It is limited only by the paucity of knowledge on the subject and by the fact that the multiplicity of technical detail to be remembered would, in many cases, defy the purchaser's memory in a critical attack of buying fever and leave her floundering.

However, each one of these books is a useful and effective contribution to consumer education in its own way.

Back of the Lines

A REBEL WAR CLERK'S DIARY. By J. B. Jones. Edited by Howard Swiggett. New York: Old Hickory Bookshop. 1935. 2 *vols.* $7.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

THIS work has been, since its first publication, one of the essential, if minor, source-books, for all those interested in the Southern side of the Civil War. Essential, because it is a literal, day-by-day account of the life of the Confederate Government, seen through the eyes of a clerk in the War Department, from that Government's organization to its fall. Minor, because, while Jones is a good diarist, with a crabbed tang of his own at best, he lacks, for the most part, Pepys's inimitable gift of bringing an entire past life before your eyes with one helter-skelter phrase.

John Beauchamp Jones was fifty-one when Lincoln was inaugurated. Southern-born, editor of the *Weekly Southern Monitor*, a Philadelphia paper devoted to Southern interests, he left his home in Burlington, New Jersey, on April 9, 1861, to join the South. The diary begins the day before, when Jones is packing his trunk for departure, fearing, as he says, that "the first gun fired on Fort Sumter will be the signal for a burst of ungovernable fury, and I should be seized and thrown into prison." It ends on April 19, 1865, after Richmond's fall and Lincoln's assassination, with the entry "Yesterday windy, today bright and calm. It appears that the day of the death of President Lincoln was appointed for illuminations and rejoicings on the surrender of Lee. There is no intelligence of the death of Mr. Seward or his son. It was a dastardly deed—surely the act of a madman." Between these two entries lie all the immense, complicated web of the Confederate civil and military effort—good news and bad from the Front, truth and lies about the progress of the war, rising prices, departmental politics, weather, spy-mania, official communiqués, unofficial fears and hopes, the blossoming date of a neighbor's plum tree—in a word, all that goes to make up the civilian side of war.

He is bloodthirsty where the Yankees are concerned, but sees no reason why his sons should serve in the army. He admires Lee, prophesies great things of Jackson—and prophesies equally great things of generals who were neither Lees nor Jacksons. "The foe must bleed," he writes, and also "God speed the growth of the Peace Party, North and South." In other words, he is an average human being, writing of great events which pass before his eyes with as much and as little comprehension as human beings generally have. And therein lies his fascination, for the casual reader. Now and then, too, comes such an ideal diary entry as "Today at 12 M., I saw a common, leather-winged bat flying over the War Department. What this portends I do not pretend to say, perhaps nothing." Or the amazing story of the lieutenant who curtsied instead of saluting and turned out to be a woman in lieutenant's uniform.

Though he moved among great events, Jones was not a great man—John Quincy

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Adams's diary, for instance, has an utterly different stamp. Yet, as one goes on reading, in spite of his foibles and his occasional bellicose rodomontades, one gets to like the diarist and his crotchety independence. And the next to last entry, the simple line after all was over, "I never swore allegiance to the Confederate States Government, but was true to it," has its own pathos and its own pride. The diary is worth reading on its own merits. And for Civil War students it is, as we say, essential.

The present edition, enlarged and revised, appears in a substantial and serviceable though not particularly attractive format. There is an interesting preface by Howard Swiggett and a number of notes. There is also an index. It seems a pity, considering the price of the volumes, that they should lack all illustration except for one photostatic reproduction of a Jones letter, so loosely inserted that it is practically certain to fall out of the book.

Aquatic Life

FISHES AND THEIR WAYS OF LIFE. By Louis Roule. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1935. $3.75.

Reviewed by JOHN T. NICHOLS

THIS is an interesting piece of descriptive writing, with the French flair for color. Its ostensible subject matter is fish in the broadest sense, so broad that porpoises (which are marine mammals), on the one hand, and oysters, on the other, are caught in its meshes. It goes into the anatomy, physiology, adaptations, ecology, locomotion, economics, psychology, culture, and usefulness of fish. Such heavy matter is intermingled and flavored with artistic appreciation of the beauties of nature, the vagaries of humanity, and the culinary art. The general reader, for whom the book is obviously intended, cannot peruse its pages without learning a great deal about fishes, their place in nature and value to man. To a naturalist the title seems a little misleading. The book contributes little to the established science of fish behavior. Observations are presented, if they were not made, in haphazard manner, generalizations and conclusions are non-critical. One may glean from it items and points of view of much interest, but the student should be cautioned against using it as a reference text.

The author's main theme is the wonderful extent and richness of aquatic life taken as a whole, the economic possibilities of its use, and the general features of its structure and balance which must be understood before man can intelligently avail himself of its bounties. In the course of the narrative this matter is very ably and clearly presented. The book's chief interest to the reading public, on the other hand, lies in the natural philosophy it expounds. Here we have brought into a more or less comprehensive whole philosophic points of view frequently met with in what is rightly or wrongly considered the "scientific" phase of modern thought.

John T. Nichols is Curator of Recent Fishes in the Department of Ichthyology of the American Museum of Natural History.

The New Books

Biography

SAILOR OF FORTUNE. By Charles J. McGuinness. Philadelphia: Macrae-Smith Company. 1935. $2.50.

Few old sailors, looking back on years afloat, could muster such a record of far-flung travel and adventure as this crowded log of Captain Charles J. McGuinness's youth, covering the period from 1908 to 1931. At forty, Captain McGuinness has seen sufficient action by land and sea to make a shelf of novels. One can readily understand how, as he mentions in his preface, men have told him in a dozen tongues, ranging from Gaelic to Chinese, that he owed the world a book about his experiences.

Temporarily laying down the marlinspike, the sextant, and the rifle for the pen, Captain McGuinness has done a shipshape job. He writes his autobiography with the same cheerful naturalness which helped him escape from General von Lettow Vorbeck's prison camp in German East Africa, and from the impregnable Ebrington Barracks while wearing of the Sinn Fein green in 1922. Awarded the Congressional Medal for his services as chief mate on Admiral Byrd's expedition to Antarctica in 1928, he writes intimately and graphically of that undertaking, then of rum-running in the North Atlantic, a trade he followed for several months. Some of his anecdotes are pearls as good as those he dove for twenty years ago at Nukuhiva. One might wish for a deeper portrayal of the emotional undercurrents of this unusually exciting career, but these Captain McGuinness, sailorlike, does not pause to fathom. Readers with active imaginations will supply them, and are sure to find that the saga—which already has an enthusiastic audience in the United Kingdom, under the title "Nomad"—adds both breadth and vividness to one's understanding of contemporary history.

W. D.

Fiction

BRIGHT DESTINATION. By Darwin L. Teilhet. Doubleday, Doran. 1935. $2.

This is a sparkling novel of wine and circuses in the South of France. It follows the picaresque adventures of a young American who is hurrying to reach his wife and dissuade her from getting a Paris divorce in order to marry a sinister Russian count, when he is involved in a communist riot and wanted by the police. Setting off across country, unable to produce *carte d'identité* or letter of credit, he joins forces with a moth-eaten little *cirque ambulant*, whose people are having troubles of their own; and to add to his difficulties, his wife has always just left the address he reaches, and her Russian tries to have him shanghaied for South America.

These numerous complications do not produce any grand cumulative climax, in the manner of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse or Thorne Smith; this is not farce but equal parts picaresque comedy and extravagant comedy. The American has adventures all across Avignon, learns to walk on his hands, tries to glide in a glider belonging to the circus and not intended to be, in the language of the profession, "practicable," gets drunk occasionally on the good drinks of the country, and just as naturally consoles himself for his wife's absence in one or two beds that happen to offer. The author knows the life of his little family circuses, and has succeeded admirably in conveying his contradictory atmosphere of sunshine and sawdust and spangles. The quotations at the heads of the chapters, from the *commedia dell' arte* and other harlequinades, mostly seventeenth and eighteenth century, show real erudition, and help wonderfully, as erudition so seldom does, to give an effect of glitter and nonsense. "Bright Destination" is to be recommended for summer reading.

B. D.

THE SNOW. By Philip Freund. New York: Pilgrim House. 1935. $2.

Mr. Freund's book of short stories and sketches is written with economy of line as to structure and economy of phrase as to substance. His interest is in meditation rather than in action, so that even when the substance of these tales is violence, Mr. Freund is not himself violent. The settings are sketched in very rapidly (in setting, Mr. Freund is a wide-ranging cosmopolitan), the "story" is projected against this setting in a kind of literary dry point, but the substance of the ma-

(*Continued on page* 22)

"Written with a lively pen and a gallon of gusto," says the *N. Y. Times* of

The AMERICAN TALLEYRAND

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MARTIN VAN BUREN

By Holmes Alexander

"Informal and gossipy; abounds in anecdotes and bits of dialogue; it is full of thumbnail portraits of political personages done with lively adjectives. He has digested the results of his wide research with much skill." —*Allan Nevins in The Saturday Review.*

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

CONVENTION AND REVOLT IN POETRY. By John Livingston Lowes. *Houghton Mifflin.*

ALL PASSION SPENT. By V. Sackville-West. *Doubleday, Doran.*

GROVER CLEVELAND. By Allan Nevins. *Dodd, Mead.*

R. F. of Stanford University, Calif., *"puzzled and troubled about the situation," writes to inquire whether the average person is expected to "romp through" the three books which appear in the Balanced Ration which now heads the Clearing House every week in the space of a week-end, which she calculates to cover a day and a half, or whether the term is merely a convenient title to give a weekly list of well-rounded reading.*

EXCEPTION granted. It had never occurred to me to suppose that the average person whose week-ends presumably are given over to relaxation of which reading is only one form would necessarily finish all three books during that period. I thought of the trio of volumes as a group which would afford variety from which to choose and a selection from which to draw if interest flickered during a lazy week-end from one topic to another. But I think R. F.'s criticism so pertinent that I have forthwith changed the head to the one which appears this week. Incidentally, while I am on the subject of these recommendations I'm glad to have the chance to explain that they are drawn from books of older vintage as well as from fairly recent lists, and represent personal predilections rather than anything more formal.

European Literary Prizes

E. D. of Casper, Wyoming, *wishes a list of European literary prizes of* 1934 *on which she finds it difficult to obtain material.*

I'm afraid I can only supply a very partial list, for I, too, have had trouble in getting together more than a few of the outstanding awards. As a matter of fact in France, where perhaps more than in any other country the custom has grown of crowning literary endeavor, the numerous prizes are most of them of slight significance. Even the Academy has put its sanction on so many unimportant works that its awards are hardly worth chronicling. But here, at least, is a beginning for E. D.

Nobel Prize—Luigi Pirandello. (This prize is usually awarded not for any particular book but for the body of the recipient's work.)

Goncourt Prize—LE CAPITAINE CONAN. By Roger Vercel.

Femina Vie-Heureuse French Award—LA CHUTE DE LA MAISON DE VERRE. By Robert Francis (Houghton Mifflin is just issuing the first volume of this in English translation under the title THE WOLF AT THE DOOR).

Femina-Vie Heureuse Anglais Award—HARRIET. By Elizabeth Jenkins (Doubleday, Doran).

Heinemann Awards (formerly Northcliffe Prize and Bookman's Prize)—LES CÉLIBATAIRES. By Henri de Montherlant.

Prix Femina Americain—LAMB IN HIS BOSOM. By Caroline Miller (Harpers).

James Tait Black Memorial Prize—I, CLAUDIUS and CLAUDIUS THE GOD. By Robert Graves (Smith & Haas).

Hawthornden Prize—LOST HORIZON. By James Hilton (Morrow).

Harmsworth Literary Award—THE CURSE OF THE WISE WOMAN. By Lord Dunsany (Longmans, Green).

If E. D. wants further information she can secure it most readily in all probability by writing to *Books Abroad*, a magazine edited by Roy Temple House and published by the University of Oklahoma Press, at Norman, Oklahoma.

The Pacific Rim

M. D. S. of Anacortes, Wash., *which state of course faces across the Pacific and therefore makes the Orient and its activities a very live interest to its inhabitants, is President of a group of twenty women who plan to take up for their next season's study their "neighbors on the Pacific rim." They desire to build up a general appreciation of Oriental culture and to get some knowledge of the Asiatic nations.*

Ever since the Spanish-American War the first outpost of Asia so far as America is concerned has been the Philippines, so perhaps it would be well if M. D. S.'s club instead of advancing at once upon the Asiatic continent stopped on its way to it at the Islands. There are two works upon that part of the world, both of them large and important and both of them indispensable to any serious student of the Philippines, to which some member of the club might resort for the material for one of the papers to be used for discussion at a meeting. These are Dean Conant Worcester's PHILIPPINES PAST AND PRESENT (Macmillan), which has been a standard authority for many years, and THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS (Houghton Mifflin), by W. Cameron Forbes, who was once their governor general. Next it would be wise to get an idea of America's relations to the Asiatic nations, and for this the club would be well advised to read Foster Rhea Dulles's AMERICA IN THE PACIFIC (Houghton Mifflin) and the brief study, hardly more than a booklet, by Walter Millis which the World Peace Foundation brought out just a short time ago under the title, THE FUTURE OF SEA POWER IN THE PACIFIC. Having thus covered the islands and the waters, as it were, the club should get a bird's-eye view of present conditions and problems in the Pacific zone from such books as George E. Sokolsky's THE TINDER BOX OF ASIA (Doubleday, Doran), Sherwood Eddy's THE CHALLENGE OF THE EAST (Farrar & Rinehart), and Nathaniel Peffer's recent MUST WE FIGHT IN ASIA? (Harpers). Passing from general studies to more specific ones, and still laying the emphasis on present political and international affairs, there are K. K. Kawakami's MANCHOUKUO, CHILD OF CONFLICT (Macmillan) and Owen J. Lattimore's MANCHURIA, CRADLE OF CONFLICT (Macmillan) to be considered.

I've put the cart before the horse, I'm afraid, for I don't know why these special sections of larger countries should have precedence over the great nations themselves. There's one great disadvantage to a typewriter (this is an aside having no bearing on the Orient or the involved keyboard of the Chinese typewriter of which I remember reading some time ago) and that is the inevitability with what has been set down seems to rest on the page. What is writ is writ, and rather than block it out and begin again the slave of the keys will resort to long asides like this one, and explanations of why, to change my metaphor of a moment ago, the tail wags the dog. But, to go back to the books which ought to have been suggested before those on Manchoukuo and Manchuria. The club, to get a general view of Chinese and Japanese civilization, culture, and history, should turn to the excellent studies by Kenneth Scott Latourette, THE CHINESE, and THE DEVELOPMENT OF JAPAN (both Macmillan). These are admirable works and contain bibliographies which ought to furnish any titles needful.

The preceding volumes have all been political or historical in the main. If the club wants to get a more personal portrayal of the civilization of the Chinese and Japanese people, there are several books of a more or less informal nature which in delightful fashion depict scene and inhabitants. Among them are Younghill Kang's charming depiction of a Korean childhood and youth, THE GRASS ROOF (Scribners), Florence Ayscough's A CHINESE MIRROR (Houghton Mifflin), Lady Dorothea Hosie's PORTRAIT OF A CHINESE LADY (Morrow), Nora Waln's HOUSE OF EXILE (Little, Brown), and for an earlier day, Lafcadio Hearn's GLIMPSES OF AN UNFAMILIAR JAPAN (Macmillan). I forgot to mention before, and should certainly have given it place, Edward T. William's CHINA YESTERDAY AND TODAY (Crowell), an excellent depiction of the culture, social customs, and traits of the people of that land. A book which should prove precisely what the club wants is Lin Yutang's "My Country and My People" to be issued in September by The John Day Company. It is really a book on living, so wise and humane is its study of Chinese culture and genius. It has chapters devoted to the various phases of Chinese civilization, political, economic, and social, others to the drama, literature, and art, and all of them presented through the medium of a rich and reflective mind.

The Institute of Pacific Relations, concerning which M. D. S. inquires, will furnish most helpful suggestions on request, I am sure.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I HEAR from *Hortense Saunders* of *Cosmopolitan* that *S. S. Van Dine*, of "Philo Vance" fame, is an expert handicapper in regard to horse-racing. She understands that he made a handsome profit last year following his own system. But he admits also that the result of a race is largely luck. . . . For her novel of the early missionaries in Hawaii, "The Lord's Anointed" (Doubleday, Doran), *Ruth Eleanor McKee* was recently awarded the gold medal of the Commonwealth Club of California for the best work of general literature written by a Californian during the preceding year. . . . *Phyllis Bottome* has been having hard luck. At Rapallo, the haunt of *Max Beerbohm* and *Ezra Pound*, she had been working hard for four months on a new novel. Entraining thence for a holiday in the Austrian Tyrol, one of her nine pieces of luggage was stolen in the station and turned out to be a dispatch box containing the novel's first draft. She offered a handsome reward for its return, and is hoping she may get it back. At the same time, for some reason inexplicable to me —as I saw *Miss Claudette Colbert* in the picture here—the British Film Censor has banned her "Private Worlds" in England"! . . . *N. C. Wyeth*, the famous illustrator, has three talented children, *Henriette*, *Carolyn*, and *Andrew*. An exhibition of paintings by the whole family was recently held. . . .

In October Harper & Brothers will publish "Portrait of My Family" by *Derek Patmore*, a descendant of the great *Coventry*. . . . *Elizabeth Jenkins*, whose "Harriet" I regard as one of the most extraordinary novels founded on a famous murder case that I have ever read, is collaborating on a film based on the case of *Madeline Smith*, and has completed a short serial following the story of *Madame Rachel*, the famous Bond Street beauty-specialist and blackmailer. But her new novel, "Doubtful Joy," which Doubleday announces for July, is not a criminal story. . . . It is proposed to erect a permanent memorial to the memory of *Edwin Arlington Robinson* in Gardiner, Maine. So far as planned, it is to consist of a commemorative tablet, with seats and suitable planting, in the outer court of the Public Library there, where he read and studied. The Memorial Committee, of which *Laura E. Richards* (who recently received a Litt.D. from the University of Maine) is chairman, announce that subscriptions, however small, either from individuals or groups, may be sent to *Herbert M. Lawton*, Treasurer, The National Bank of Gardiner, Gardiner, Maine. A book recording the names of givers (no amounts given) will be kept at the Gardiner Public Library as a perpetual record. . . .

Isidor Schneider and *Harry Block* have been made members of the editorial board of the Book Union, the left-wing book club recently organized. Other members of the board are *Malcolm Cowley*, *Robert W. Dunn*, *Henry Hart*, *Granville Hicks*, *Corliss Lamont*, *Bernard Smith*, *Alexander Trachtenberg*, and *Mary Von Kleeck*. The offices of the Book Union are at 381 Fourth Avenue, this city. . . . The editors of *The Modern Psychologist* offer an award of twenty-five dollars for the best essay on the topic, "The Meaning of Gestalt-Psychology." Papers should not be less than 1500 nor more than 3500 words in length, and should be in the hands of the judges by December 31st, 1935. The contest is open to all undergraduate students, graduate students, instructors, and teachers in high schools. The address is 310 Riverside Drive, New York City. . . . The first full account of the public works program has been written by *Harold L. Ickes*, Secretary of the Interior and Administrator of Public Works, and will be published next Tuesday by the Macmillan Company. . . . *W. Somerset Maugham's* new book, "Don Fernando," is not a novel but a book about Spain. Maugham was twenty-three when he first spent a year in that country and wrote a book about Andalusia. He has always intended to write another, as Spain is an old love. . . .

The Alpress Broadsides of poetry, from the Alpress Publishers of 1321 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Penna., are quite pleasing and extremely cheap. . . . *Blanche Gregory*, authors' representative, has severed her connection with the O. K. Liveright office to open an agency of her own at 333 East 53rd Street. . . . A monthly magazine to be devoted to controversy will shortly appear under the editorship of *Gorham Munson*. Manuscripts up to 3500 words are invited on any timely question in the fields of politics, foreign affairs, economics, art, science, and religion. Payment will be made on acceptance. The one editorial rule is that both sides of every issue raised should be simultaneously published. Every article will be accompanied by a reply written to order. Manuscripts should be addressed to Gorham Munson, Suite 326, 101 West 58th Street, this city. No fiction required, but satiric or invective verse will be welcomed. . . .

When *Vicki Baum* called at Honolulu in May, *en route* to Hollywood again, from the Orient, she said she had a movie plot in mind for Hawaii and would like to do a musical comedy with an Hawaiian setting. She said she had met *Noel Coward* in Singapore. He was writing his autobiography. He later went to Bali. . . . Speaking of Singapore, *Leslie Charteris*, who has written fifteen books that have sold a million copies before his thirtieth birthday, believes in luck. One fall he was in Singapore when he should have been in Cambridge, after a summer vacation. Thence, somehow, by tramp steamer he got to Paris. There his bill at the hotel mounted till they cut down his board to rolls and coffee in the morning. So he decided to pawn his signet-ring. But at the pawnshop they wanted to see his passport. He returned to the hotel to get it—another long walk—and lo and behold, there was a letter with a cheque in it! He contends that things always happen like that. In New York his money ran out and he went down to the steamship offices to book his passage home. When he returned to his hotel there was an offer from Hollywood to go and do a film.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 64)
WILLIAM JAMES—
"THE PH. D. OCTOPUS"

Meanwhile, whatever evolution our state-examinations are destined to undergo, our universities at least should never cease to regard themselves as the jealous custodians of personal and spiritual spontaneity.

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The Compleat Collector

RARE BOOKS: CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Fine Printing and is conducted by Carl Purington Rollins.

An 1868 New York "Alice"

THE early history of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" is a familiar story. "Alice" appeared originally in London in 1865. The edition was withdrawn because both author and illustrator thought the reproductions poorly executed. The withdrawal was so effective that only fifteen copies of this true first edition are known to have survived, according to the Columbia University catalogue of the Lewis Carroll centennial exhibition of 1932—nine of the fifteen were displayed in the exhibition. A refurbished "Alice" was brought out in 1866 which apparently satisfied all concerned, and it is this edition (as second an edition as ever was) which up to a few years ago was almost invariably catalogued as the first edition—sometimes as "first published edition," a periphrasis for "first edition to stay published."

The 1865 "Alice," at all events, became definitively unpublished, so far as England was concerned. But the world was not yet done with her. Overseas lay a region where Anglo-Saxon had only ceased from attempting to annihilate Anglo-Saxon, and the remnants of the population might conceivably accept a product that was inadequate for home consumption. Exactly why the 1865 "Alice" was remaindered to the New World has never been disclosed. But however it came about, "Alice" immigrated, and was naturalized with a cancel title-page dated New York, 1866.

The first American "Alice," therefore, was a thoroughly English miss save for the detail that a Yankee pinafore concealed her frock. This 1866 New York "Alice" is obviously an important collector's item. But the circumstances of its publication have inevitably made the first "Alice" to be printed (instead of merely distributed) in America likewise an important collector's item. It has heretofore been assumed that the first "Alice" actually printed in America was that which appeared at Boston in 1869 with the imprint of Lee and Shepard, and the soundness of the assumption has well withstood the passage of the years.

Within recent weeks, however, a New York edition in a widely different format has been discovered which, although undated, bears abundant evidence of having been published in 1868. The discoverer is Alfred F. Goldsmith, co-bibliographer, with Carolyn Wells, of Walt Whitman, and a Carrollian of distinction. By a far from regrettable error, he was recently enshrined in an American Art Association Anderson Galleries catalogue (under Morley, Christopher) as "The Goldsmith under the Ice." (It must have been thin ice—the Goldsmithian warmth is pervasive.) The data here presented are taken from notes made by Mr. Goldsmith and embrace the conclusions on which he bases his belief that the newly discovered "Alice" is an exemplar — so far a unique exemplar—of the first edition printed in America.

Visually, this new-old "Alice" is a disappointment. It resembles the nickel thrillers of the first quarter of this defective century save for the fact that it is self-wrappered and uncolored. Like the units in the "Old King Brady," "Pluck and Luck," and "The Liberty Boys of '76" series, it is a thin quarto. But unlike "Old King Brady" and the rest, "Alice" merits the dignity of a collation, and this is it:

> The Children's Library. / (double rule) / Vol I. Number One—Complete. Ten Cents. / (double rule) / Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. / By Lewis Carroll. / (reproductions of six illustrations, in two rows of three pictures each, from the Tenniel drawings, without captions or credit). Pp. 32, title as given forming front wrapper. Size of page, 8½ x 11½ inches.

The text, beginning on page 2, is printed in three columns, and numerous Tenniel illustrations are scattered through it. The reader is compelled to make confusing leaps to other areas of the book, and frequent unrelated fillers are inserted at the ends of instalments. Apparently the entire text is reproduced save for the last five paragraphs ("But her sister sat still" to the end), which omission in no way mars the continuity. The paper is of such wretched quality that the all but total annihilation of this most fragile of "Alices" is not to be wondered at.

The publishers were Jesse Haney & Co. of 119 Nassau Street, New York, and the final page is devoted to an advertisement of their publications. (Haney is not mentioned in J. C. Derby's blanketing "Fifty Years among Authors, Books and Publishers," but bookmen live today who remember him as a kindly, gentle soul—just the sort who would discover "Alice.") The Haney publications included three other series in addition to "The Children's Library" (which apparently was never heard of again): "The Elocutionist's Journal," which had reached No. 6, "Young Folks' Library," which had reached No. 2, and "The Standard Library," whereof No. 1—"Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist"—was "now ready." The house also issued manuals for carpenters, painters, jewelers, and taxidermists, a "Guide to Authorship," "Bad Memory Made Good and Good Memory Made Better," and comparable catch-penny helps.

Here are the reasons why Mr. Goldsmith assigns this unique and tenuous "Alice" an 1868 date:

On page 25 is a brief account, illustrated, of "The Adder"— a computing device which could be seen and even bought at the manufacturer's rooms, 680 Broadway. The illustration conspicuously dates the patent as of March 10, 1868. "It is hardly probable," says Mr. Goldsmith, "that the publishers would advise young readers to inspect an article which was not of novel interest."

On page 29 an article on a "Modern Alphabet Inventor" records that "a few months back a copy of Eliot's Indian Bible was sold for $1130, the highest price ever brought by a book in this country." The Bruce copy of the Eliot Bible brought this figure in April, 1868.

Elsewhere the view is expressed that a great increase in travel should result from the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad, "now" in course of construction. The golden spike that linked East and West was driven at Promontory Point, Utah, on May 10, 1869.

In the advertisements No. 2 of the "Young Folks' Library" ("Lost in Africa," no author given) is listed as "In Press—Ready October 1st." The evidence just cited makes it more than reasonably conclusive that the reference is to October 1, 1868.

This department will welcome any fact or hypothesis likely to throw light on the definitive identification of the Haney "Alice."

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
THUNDER RIVER RANCH *Richard Tracy* (Clode: $2.)	Western	Our hero of the hot Colts helps lady owner of the Box-C buck the big bad syndicate.	Average
NO OTHER WAY *Dolf Wyllarde* (Macaulay: $2.)	Novel	Unaware of her wee touch of the tar-brush, foreign educated beaut returns to society on small West Indian Island.	Not Bad
LADIES IN THE PARLOR *Jim Tully* (Greenberg: $2.)	Novel	Group portrait of the ladies of a Chicago bordello, probably accurate but of no particular point.	Old Fashioned
HEDWIG *Vance Randolph* (Vanguard: $2.)	Novel	The downfall of a round-heeled Farmer's Daughter, told in the first person. Comment immediately above applies.	Simple

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE little Doubleday Doran bookshop in the Long Island Station, New York, was taken aback the other day. A big policeman came in, looked about rather puzzled, and finally blurted out his problem. "Someone gave my wife a set of book-ends," he said, "and I want to buy her half a dozen nice cheap imitation books." ☞Why has no manufacturer of book-ends ever used the design we crave, a big heavy Greek *alpha* for one end, an *omega* for the other? ☞Quercus is pleased to hear that our good friend Walter Latendorf, collector and bibliophile, has opened a bookshop of his own at 33 East 49 Street, N. Y. C., and has named it the *Mannados*—which, he says, was the earliest Indian name for this island—even before it was called *Manhattan.* ☞A book that sounds exceptionally interesting to bibliographers is announced by the Oxford Press, Percy Simpson's *Proof-Reading in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries* ($15). Thinking of some of our own lapses we wonder whether the art of catching errata has improved much since then? ☞Apropos the Oxford Press, Marion Dodd of the Hampshire Bookshop sends us a photo of the Oxford Corner in her shop. ☞Emily Tompkins, who graduated from Smith College the other day, allows us to print a portion of an essay she wrote about the Hampshire Bookshop, suggesting the quietly pervading influence a college bookstore can have on the inquisitive student. She says:—"By senior year all of us feel possessive about certain books. The big *Anatomie of Melancholie* has been mine since I was a sophomore, but I don't know how many other people own it. Each time we go into the shop it shows great strength of will if we leave our particular boat in the harbor. We're satisfied, though, that it won't rot there. When we do occasionally get reckless and buy, quite unnecessarily, another Oxford Book of Verse, or the Random House Coleridge that we've been wanting and wanting, we feel justly festive. It's positive remedy for the feeling that comes after the exam that we didn't study for. Even if we mean no such purchase, even if we havn't been told that we must have a Milton Handbook before next class, we are always and forever dropping in.

"It's not just that books are there. It's a comfortable external easiness and charm that brings us down almost any afternoon, bent on mental adventure, potential discovery of a minor ocean among such realms of gold. Theoretically a scholar is stubbornly ascetic. We are just college students, and we feel gratified that at the Bookshop there is no class war between Everyman and Random House. The material needs of the best books are met. That's good, but we're even more gratified that the Bookshop itself is in such fine binding. The small panes of the window across the front make us feel appropriately eighteenth or nineteenth century. Uncommercial. It's pleasant to come there in the winter (when it snows, in Northampton) and read in a book that you don't *exactly* own, while your feet grow warm by a fire. It's nice that there's a cat, and that its name is Folio."

☞Old Q. has been receiving some excellent Spring and Summer poems from clients. His favorite is:—

STUDY IN FRUSTRATION

Men are beasts, men are brutes.
I hate them from their hats to boots.

Women are unpleasant, too.
They think of horrid things to do.

Children are so very rude,
I can't help but find them crude.

Animals all have a smell.
I disrelish them as well.

I am in an awful state.
Spring is here and I've no mate.

EUSTACIA.

THE OXFORD CORNER AT THE HAMPSHIRE BOOKSHOP

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THEODORE DREISER

The Inner Sanctum announces the publication of the first book by THEODORE DREISER to appear under its imprint.

It is called *Moods*, Philosophic and Emotional. It is THEODORE DREISER'S first new book since *Tragic America* (1931). *Moods* consists of 250 prose poems of varying lengths. Some have previously appeared in book form, but these have been radically revised for this edition.

In the Introduction, SULAMITH ISH-KISHOR writes:

These poems assume a rhythm of their own due to their intolerance of any phrase or word not essential to their content. The sum of the poems is an individual record of life in all its tangled subtleties as well as its dramatic shocks. But since this particular life is a distinguished one, having all the powers necessary for the analytical examination and later the fusion of its general experiences into words, the result is primarily philosophy and secondarily poetry."

In these powerful cadences the essence of THEODORE DREISER'S world outlook is caught and held. *Moods* (price, $3.00) declares the affirmation of a man generally ranked as the greatest of living American novelists.

—ESSANDESS

WANTED: Experienced sibyl for Circulation Department of well-known literary weekly to predict coming summer addresses of subscribers THREE WEEKS in advance. . . .

We have yet to try the above advertisement in our own Personal Columns, but something of the sort will be necessary unless readers of *The Saturday Review* give us notice, at least three weeks in advance, of each change of address *and include their present address to which copies are being mailed.* Circulation Department, THE SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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The New Books

(*Continued from page* 17)

terial remains almost outside the setting and the "story." Mr. Freund concentrates upon states of the soul; he expresses a perpetual astonishment at the queerness and novelty of human life; he neither appraises nor judges, but he seeks to penetrate, and by penetrating, to comprehend. For the most part he avoids that conscious and mannered simplicity which, as the last refuge of the complex, attracted the Hemingway school, Mr. Freund being on the whole a much more philosophic person. At the same time there are portions of the book wherein the quietness of the method makes for thinness. Robert Herrick used to talk of "refusing the story"; there are one or two tales in this collection which would be better if Mr. Freund had not refused the story in the interests of simplicity and calm.

The volume offers opportunity to speculate upon the drift of the American short story. How remote O. Henry seems today! And yet there is much in Mr. Freund's technique which, if it does not in the least suggest that writer, represents an adaptation of the mode of Stephen Crane—Crane stripped of his naive "naturalism," but retaining the rich slowness, the effect of being heavy with life. Form, it is evident, is once more coming into its own; but form is no longer viewed as an external implementing of the story. Mr. Freund seems likely to be one of the renovators of a branch of fiction, the permutations and combinations in which, for all the simplicity of the genre, are by no means exhausted.

H. M. J.

Music

FRIENDS AND FIDDLERS. By Catherine Drinker Bowen. Little, Brown. 1935. $2.

This is an amateur's book, in the best sense. Mrs. Bowen is a passionate quartet player, and she writes with perception and humor of music-making, of people who think they like music, of people who do like music, of cello players and "viola wives," of Beethoven and Brahms. Above all she writes of what music means to those of whose lives it is an integral part. For musical amateurs the book is essential, but its audience is not restricted to these, for its subject is not only enjoying music, but enjoying life.

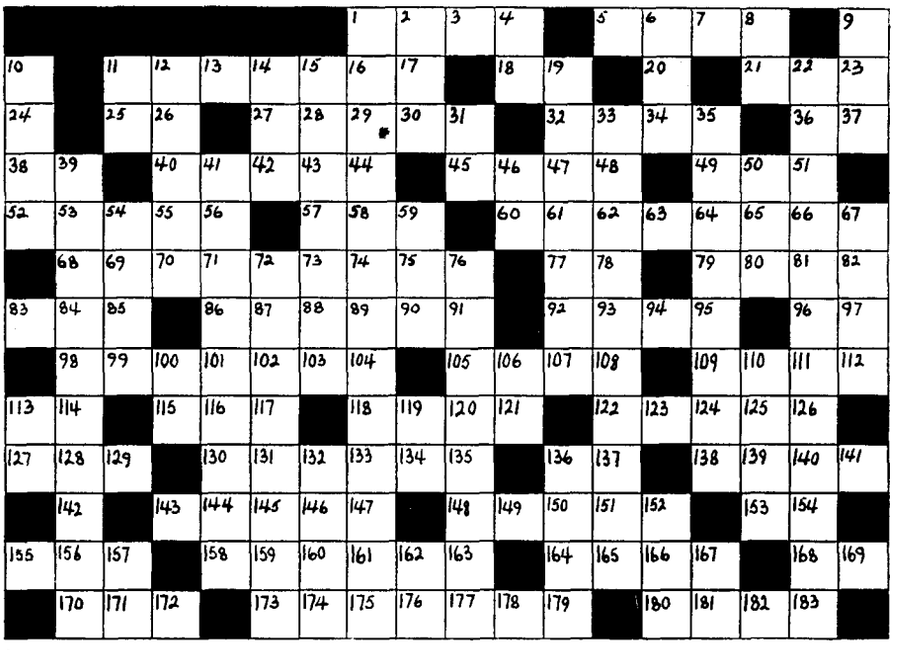
G. S.

Brief Mention

Among the recent crop of volumes of special interest to the lover of literature note may be made of Daniel Sargent's *Four Independents* (Sheed & Ward: $2), essays on Charles Peguy, Paul Claudel, Gerard Manley Hopkins, and Orestes Bronson, three poets and a philosopher whom the author links in the bonds of individualism which he holds was common to all; *Early American Negro Writers* (University of North Carolina Press: $2.50), an anthology edited by Benjamin Brawley; and another anthology in which under the title *GK's* (Coward-McCann: $2.50) is presented a miscellany of the first five hundred issues of *GK's Weekly*. The book has an introduction by Chesterton and a jacket design showing his head served up on a platter.

Double-Crostics: No. 65

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find by reading (from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. An impractical person.

II. English novelist—1775-1817.

III. English poet—1752-1770.

IV. Historical opera by Meyerbeer.

V. A novel by the author defined in (II).

VI. Delirious, heedless (comp.).

VII. Obedient to regulations (comp.).

VIII. Abides in; inheres.

IX. Haunting fears; unconscious horrors.

X. Wide reaching; spreading in every direction.

XI. Overbearing, supercilious.

XII. Colonel Newcome's last word (Thackeray).

XIII. Tenth letter of Hebrew alphabet.

XIV. Greek Goddess of fortune.

XV. Tending to influence; advisory.

XVI. Rudest type of stone implement.

XVII. Female sheep.

XVIII. Hebron cave where patriarchs were buried.

XIX. Bloated, bombastic.

XX. Easily roused to anger.

XXI. Belgian musician (1858-1931).

XXII. Clownish jesters.

XXIII. In another respect; differently.

XXIV. Instigates; encourages, supports.

XXV. What the natives called Lord Jim.

XXVI. To store; to hold, have room for.

WORDS

118 93 10 41 131 26 34 73 169

81 161 152 115 48 97

30 116 20 44 57 75 120 108 170 50

33 13 113 38 80 128 65 91 70

89 144 68 150

61 87 42 22 164 110 95 2 51 159 176

53 101 178 155 18 25 134 182 84 102

54 90 94 27 114 8 39 162

133 46 60 11 146 122 139 158 125 5

47 174 160 137 66 21 74 98 143

36 112 177 56 130 64 85 43

49 129 76 171 40

121 77 17

167 19 109 58 117

4 62 172 92 181 105 29 82 163

154 136 88 9 32 106

123 180 1

55 127 3 31 24 119 156 107 165

145 157 59 35 28 142 45 96 52

151 141 86 183 69

100 179 166 147 83

168 132 78 138 149 99 14 67

6 15 79 72 63 173 23 104 16

12 148 103 140 126

124 7 111 175

135 71 37 153

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

AN OLD New England farmhouse offers you a summer in the country on the open ocean; blueberry pie, new peas, lobster; a wood fire; no radio. Rates: $18, $20. The Breakers, Vinalhaven, Maine.

WHY BE LONELY? Box 434. Spokane, Washington. Enclose postage.

"GREEN SHADOWS." Old Lyme, Connecticut. A delightful place for a vacation. Excellent food. Restful atmosphere.

ARE YOU lonely or blue? Join The Star Friendship Exchange, Box 1329, Roanoke, Va. Send stamp for particulars.

INN-BY-THE-SEA, Browning's Beach, motor destination, MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, between Watch Hill and Point Judith; P. O. WAKEFIELD; R. R. Terminals Westerly or Kingston Jc. FREE GUEST USE of Private Bathing Beach and Bathhouses; Boats; Thousand Volume Library; Picnic Oven in Dunes; Concrete Tennis Court; 125 Acre Fish and Game Preserve; NO EXTRAS! Nearby Theater-by-the-Sea operates nightly; Golf and Horseback Riding available; garage; electricity; some private baths. Rates on application. ADDRESS INN-BY-THE-SEA, WAKEFIELD, R. I.

SUBLET SUMMER—Pleasant apartment for one; East Thirty-ninth; $45. Caledonia 5-6818.

INTELLIGENT WOMAN, secretarial experience, seeks position as companion-housekeeper. Box 527-A.

HOMELESS, cultured young idealist — rheumatism left slightly crippled—nevertheless vivacious—attractive enough to be decorative—desires any employment—former teacher, excellent credentials. Box 528-A.

SECRETARIAL WORK WANTED. Young woman, Southerner, College graduate, English teacher, excellent stenographer. Temporary or permanent. Box 529-A.

NEW ENGLAND college instructor, 24, wants a place in New York for a summer's reading, with enough employment to keep expenses within bounds. Reasonably versatile and intelligent. Character sound, even by New England standards. Box 530-A.

YOUTH, cultured, refined, wishes position as companion, tutor to small boy whose parents intend going to London or Paris for a few months' stay. References. Box 531-A.

WANTED from owner vacationing elsewhere, a comfortable place in mountain or desert in which to live from July 5 to August 15, for small sum or preferably for keeping "wolves" from the door. Also two men, 25 to 30, who write seriously without ambition, to share funds and comradeship for above venture. Box 532-A.

SHIPPING CLERK, 22, literary inclinations, stifled by occupation, seeks change. Will marry heiress if necessary. Box 533-A.

COSMOPOLITE possessing keen spiritual awareness, mentality original and independent, desires correspondence with men, thirtyish, similarly equipped. Box 534-A.

WANTED furnished apartment in New York, July-August; 2 bedrooms, maid's room. Box 535-A.

SNUG CAMP—Unusual and inexpensive vacation in virgin woods on stream, amidst beautiful Pennsylvania Dutch country, cedars, witch-signs, Americana. Forty miles above Philadelphia. Completely furnished. Fireplace. Accommodate four. Season, $65. Box 537-A.

IS THERE a refined, educated, unattached young lady of breeding, perhaps lonely, who would appreciate correspondence with a Protestant gentleman, 34, cultured, fond of books, theatre, walking, tennis, nature, intelligent conversation, and who tolerates dissipation in not too frequent doses? He has a sense of humor and is college graduate. Pennsylvanian. Box 538-A.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS wanted (columns, departments). Must advance $10 monthly start unusual magazine. Box 536-A.

WHERE can young writer join others for work and recreation? Part of August. Jewish. Address Stella.

ROMANTIC, seasoned individual desires contact with group or individual with car for lazy vacation to Yellowstone. Box 539-A.

ENTHUSIASTIC believer in Dr. Hay's diet wishes position preparing Hay diet meals for semi-invalid or person desiring to avoid invalidism. Hospital experience. Can give some general care, but not strong enough for heavy nursing. Box 540-A.

BACHELOR, 38, interested theatre, literature, desires correspondence with young woman 25-38, of kindred tastes, New York or vicinity. Box 541-A.

BEAUTY—space—simplicity for rent. Cottage accommodating eight and maid, fully furnished. Two miles below Essex, New York. Lake Champlain, beach-house, and boat across road. Green Mountains from front porch, Adirondacks in back lot. Immediate possession. Club, golf, tennis available. Box 97, Short Hills, New Jersey.

X-Y-Z.—Sorry; letter received only June 7. Second chapter better than first! Have tried to answer, but letter returned. Why not give address? I promise not to bite, and time is fleeting! Will try same place, hour, circumstances, June 22. P-Q-H.

STIMULATE YOUR LIFE through the joy of new friends acquired by joining "The Happiness Circle." Send stamped, addressed envelope for details. Address Dept. B, Box 107, Grand Central Annex, New York.

W. L. A.—You're safe. I live in Texas. Seeing is believing.

INTELLIGENT WOMAN, middle age, wishes position. Could take care home. Likes elderly people, NOT NURSING. Cheerful, would be useful. Reference given and required. Box 204, Burlington, N. J.

HORSES, only a dollar an hour. Cheap diversion when the city gets sour. Beecher Lodge, Budd Lake, N. J.

J. L. W.—Earliest possible is July 8th. Kept here until then. Is that too late? If not, would like to. Usual time?

GENTLEMAN desires correspondence with lady, past forty, who travels exclusively by train. Newspaper Writer, 107 Gay Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

LONELY? UNHAPPY? DEPRESSED? Bored? Bring sunshine into your nights with BED MANNERS, an "amusing guide to bedroom etiquette for married folks, at home and visiting"—The Saturday Review of Literature. $1. Illustrated. Vanguard, 100 Fifth Ave., New York City.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, who rode to Lima on a llama, is quite right when he deplores that "The Oxford Companion to English Literature" mentions merely useful things such as motor-cars, and ignores, among other scholars, Maister Doctor Abraham Simon Wolff Rosenbach, Belles Lettres, Pennsylvania; Lettres d'Or, Columbia; and author of "Books and Bidders." To my mind, the Doctor's service in producing an inscription by "Edmond Spenser" in a copy of "The Faerie Queene" ought to insure him some sort of recognition when "English Literature" is mentioned. George Frisbee.

SOUTHERNER, college graduate, teacher, French, English, desires position summer or permanently. Twenty-three, attractive, non-flapperish. Interested in private school teaching, tutoring or companioning. Enjoys children and older people. Pleasant environment more important than remuneration. Annie Laurie, 103 Clarke St., Henderson, N. C.

AMERICAN WOMAN, 35, well educated, widely travelled; capable secretary, author's assistant; rare book and print cataloguing; bookstore, steamship, medical, financial experience; research worker; some foreign languages. Gourmet's knowledge food and cookery. Any offers? Box 548-A.

DO YOU NEED refined secretary? Will travel. Box 549-A.

WANTED, Sargent's Revolving Book Stand. Priced right. Book Stand, 72 S. Grant Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Will sublet smart, 1-room apartment for July-August; furnished, refrigeration; $43 month; near N. Y. U. Levy, 218 West 10th St.

WHERE in Washington, D. C., should a New York woman look for a place to live with books, sunlight, privacy? Box 547-A.

AMARYLLIS, lithe and seventeen, will work anywhere this summer for necessities, lot of experience, and few dollars. Gay, intelligent, Italian, civilized, and ready for everything. Box 542-A.

MAN, thirty, without repute or rancor, desires antidote for loneliness. Box 543-A.

ARE THERE in America, today, women whose facility for returning the epistolary shuttle can weave a literary cloth? Box 544-A.

WOULD LIKE to hear from someone interested in traveling, and adventures, to help in making Travelogue Film. Box 545-A.

TRAINED and experienced library assistant in New England wishes to exchange positions with some other library assistant, preferably in the Far West. Box 546-A.

IS THERE IN NEW YORK a congenial soul whose interests include Mysticism and kindred subjects? Viola.

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A LONDON STORY

George Buchanan, young, keen, rising rapidly in the literary firmament, has written *A London Story* which, appropriately, has been chosen as "Book of the Month" in London. It will be published in America Monday, June 17th, by Dutton. You will find yourself observing the fortunes of Mr. Buchanan's characters as attentively as you do those of actual people. "Swiftly moving, the story contrives to completely absorb the reader . . . revealing facets of sensitiveness which have not hitherto found their way into fiction. Here is life seen through the eyes of a disconcertingly original observer." — *The Book Society News.*

(Dutton, 2.50)

Just Published

FOREVER WANDERING . . .

The well-known novelist, ETHEL MANNIN, gives us a travel book extraordinarily different in flavor, style and insight. (Dutton, 3.50)

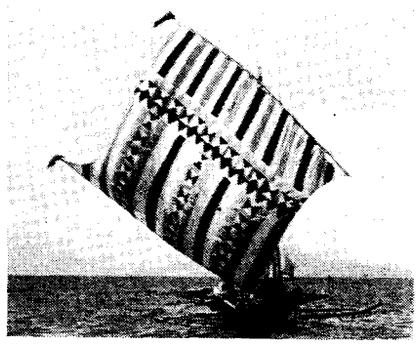
FRUITSTONERS

Once again ALGERNON BLACKWOOD has wrought his spell, in a fantasy, delicate as filigree, with a style as pure as a silver bell.

(Dutton, 2.50)

SOUTHEAST of ZAMBOANGA

By Vic Hurley



As the New York *Times* says: "The very title is provocative—it has mystery and rhythm—and is a challenge to the imagination."

The primitive adventures of two young Americans who tried to settle down to a peaceful life Southeast of Zamboanga—that delightful part of Mindanao, in the Philippines where "pigs eat chickens, pythons eat pigs, ants eat pythons, and savage Moros want guns, while white men decay." One of the men, Vic Hurley, left Zamboanga on his back in a raving delirium, but managed to live and become the author of this amazing document of existence in that "Green Hell" of the Philippines. The book is fascinatingly illustrated, and introduced by Max Miller.

(Dutton $3.00)

Good Reading

Here are our books which readers throughout the country are enjoying the most—compiled from our weekly sales records and from the reports of Booksellers and Librarians:

50 YEARS A SURGEON

By ROBERT T. MORRIS, M.D. "Vigorous, satisfying, exciting!"—*N. Y. Times.* 7th Printing. (3.50)

SPANISH RAGGLE-TAGGLE

By WALTER STARKIE. "This book overflows with a thousand and one varied interests."—*N. Y. Times.* 3rd Printing. (3.50)

The MAP of DAYS

By ETHEL BOILEAU—Gay romance by the author of "A Gay Family." 5th Printing. (2.50)

THREE ENGLISHMEN

By GILBERT FRANKAU—A cavalcade of living characters — The stirring pageant of a great generation. 6th Printing. (2.50)

THE CASE OF THE BLIND MOUSE

By MARTIN FREEMAN. "Capital combination of murder and mobster yarn . . . good central idea and speedy action—Excellent!"—*Sat. Review.* 3rd Printing. (2.00)

dutton

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